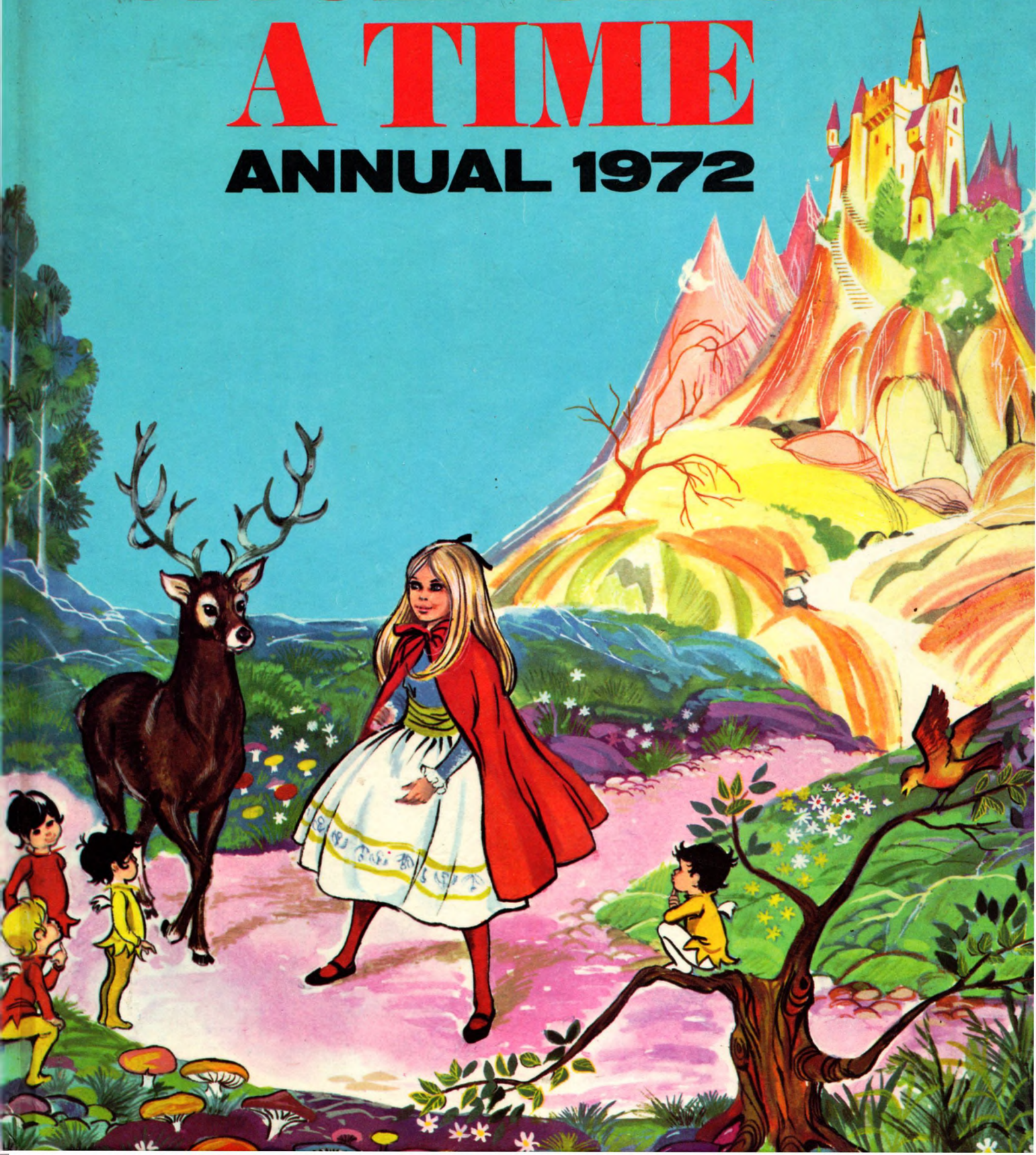


STORIES CHILDREN WILL LOVE - ALL IN COLOUR

ONCE UPON A TIME

ANNUAL 1972





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The Dream Fairy



1. Minna was a young and pretty girl, who lived all alone in one small room. She was very poor and she had to earn her living by sewing and mending clothes. When there was no mending to be done,

Minna would make the most beautiful dresses, which she would take to the village to sell. All day, Minna had to work very hard. One day, one of the dream fairies saw her at her work.



2. "Poor girl, I cannot make her life any easier," sighed the dream fairy. "But at least I can make sure that at night she has happy dreams." That night, when Minna was asleep in bed, the dream fairy flew in at her window.



3. Hovering above the pillow, the dream fairy waved her magic wand. At once, Minna began to dream about the most handsome prince she had ever seen. The dream was so lovely, that Minna was sorry when morning came and it ended.



4. As soon as she awoke, she jumped out of bed and rushed to the window. The dream had seemed so real that she half expected to see the prince of her dreams riding towards her—but there

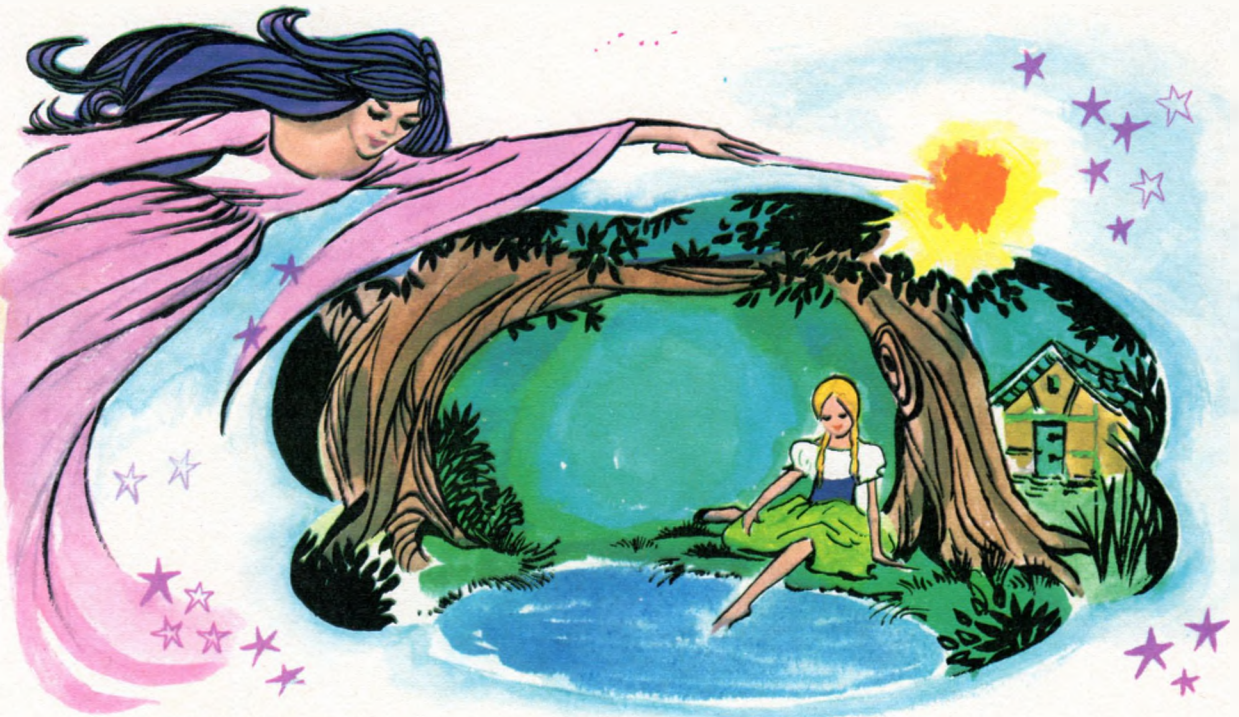
was no one there. Sadly, Minna turned away from the window and began to dress. Then she picked up her needle and thread and sat down to her sewing, for she was making a lovely dress, fit for a queen.



5. But however hard Minna worked, she could not stop thinking about the handsome prince of her dream. She found it harder and harder to keep her mind on her work and every now and then she would gaze out of the window, hoping to see him.

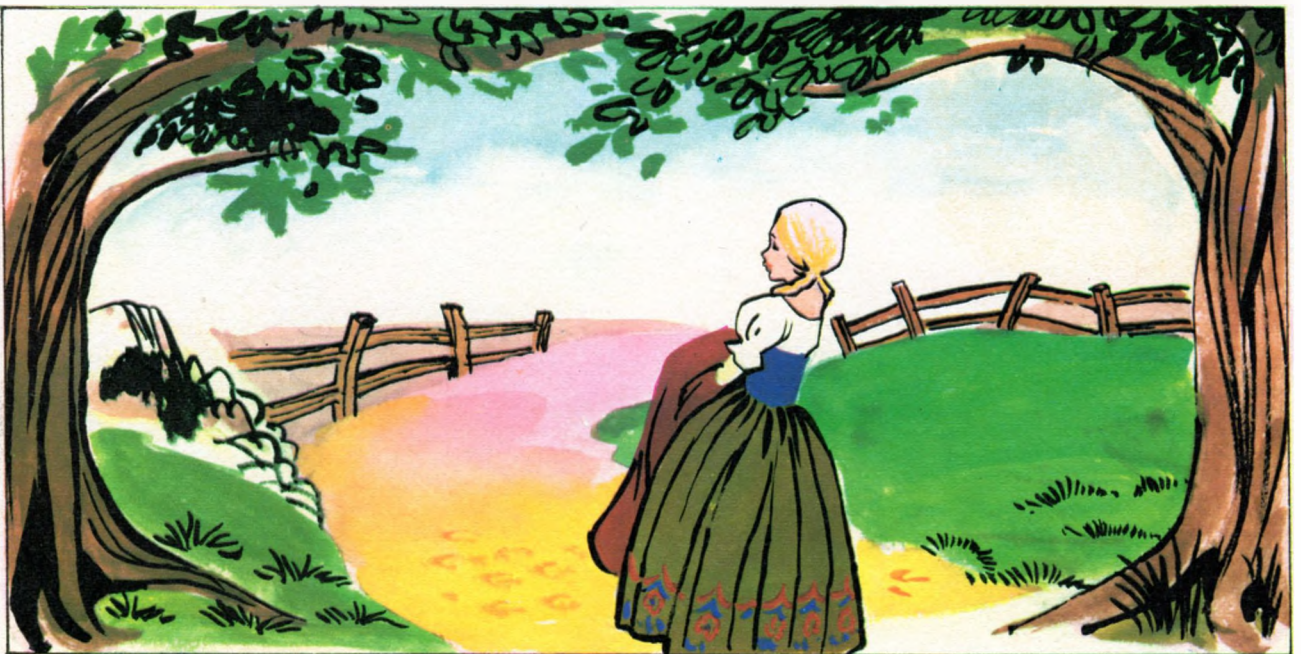


6. The dream fairy, who was watching, knew that Minna was wishing for her dream to come true. She was not content just to dream about the handsome prince. The dream fairy sighed. "Alas, he was only made of dream dust," she said.



7. In the hope of taking Minna's mind off the prince, the dream fairy decided to give her lots of the most beautiful dreams, so that night she waved her wand over Minna's pillow again. This

time, Minna dreamed she was sitting beside a sunlit pool, dabbling her feet in the cool water. Silvery fish swam in the pool and in the trees the birds sang very sweetly.



8. Next morning, Minna put the last stitches in the dress she was making. Then she picked it up and put it carefully over her arm and out she went—but she did not go to the village, to try

to sell the dress. Instead she set off towards the great green forest. "At least I can make one of my dreams come true," she said to herself. "I shall search for a pool like the one in my dream."



9. Now in another part of the forest a handsome prince was hunting and he had just stopped for a rest. He looked very much like the prince whom Minna had seen in her dream.



10. The dream fairy, who happened to pass by just then, noticed this and she had a sudden idea. With a wave of her wand she made the prince dream of Minna, sitting beside the pool in the forest.



11. As quickly as it had come, the prince's dream vanished, but suddenly he remembered that he had seen just such a pool in another part of the forest. At once, the prince leapt on to his horse and rode

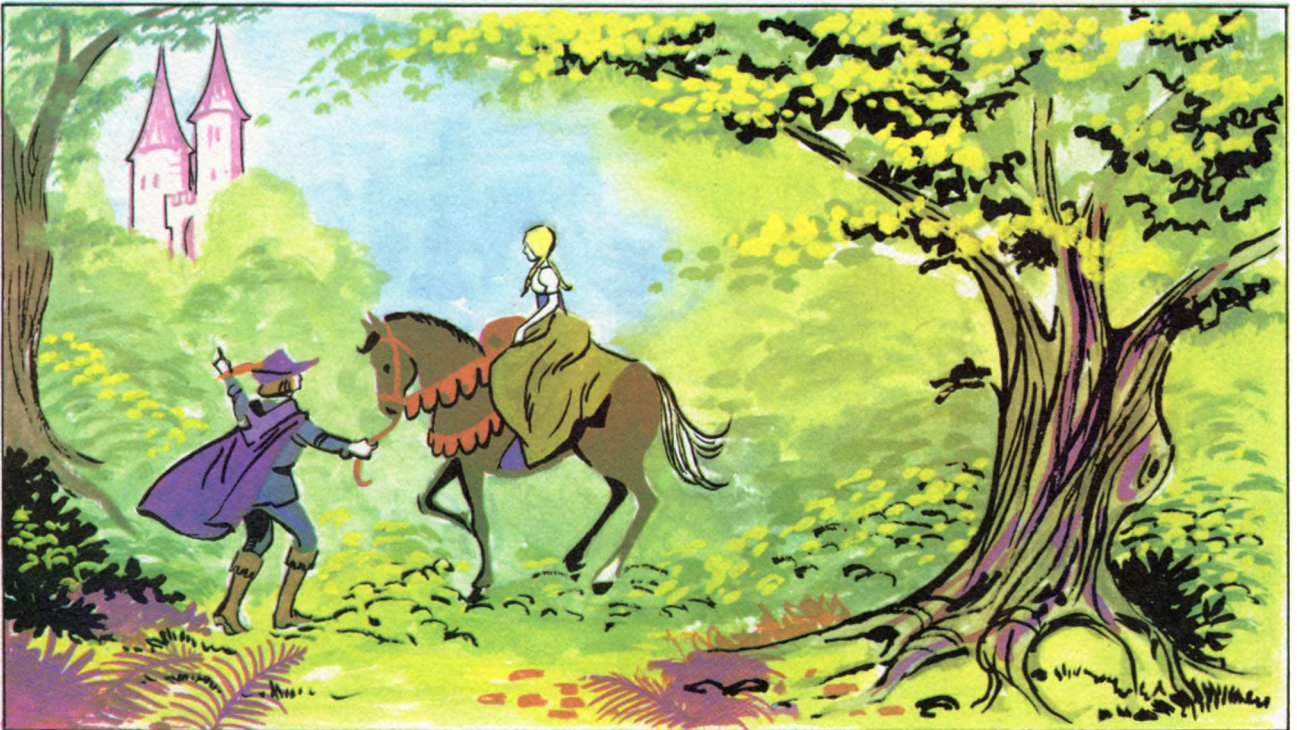
off in search of it. He hoped that there he would find the girl he had been dreaming about, for he wanted to meet her again. The dream fairy saw this and smiled happily to herself.



12. When the prince reached the pool in the forest, he saw Minna there. She looked exactly as he had seen her in his dream. The prince was delighted and rode swiftly towards her.

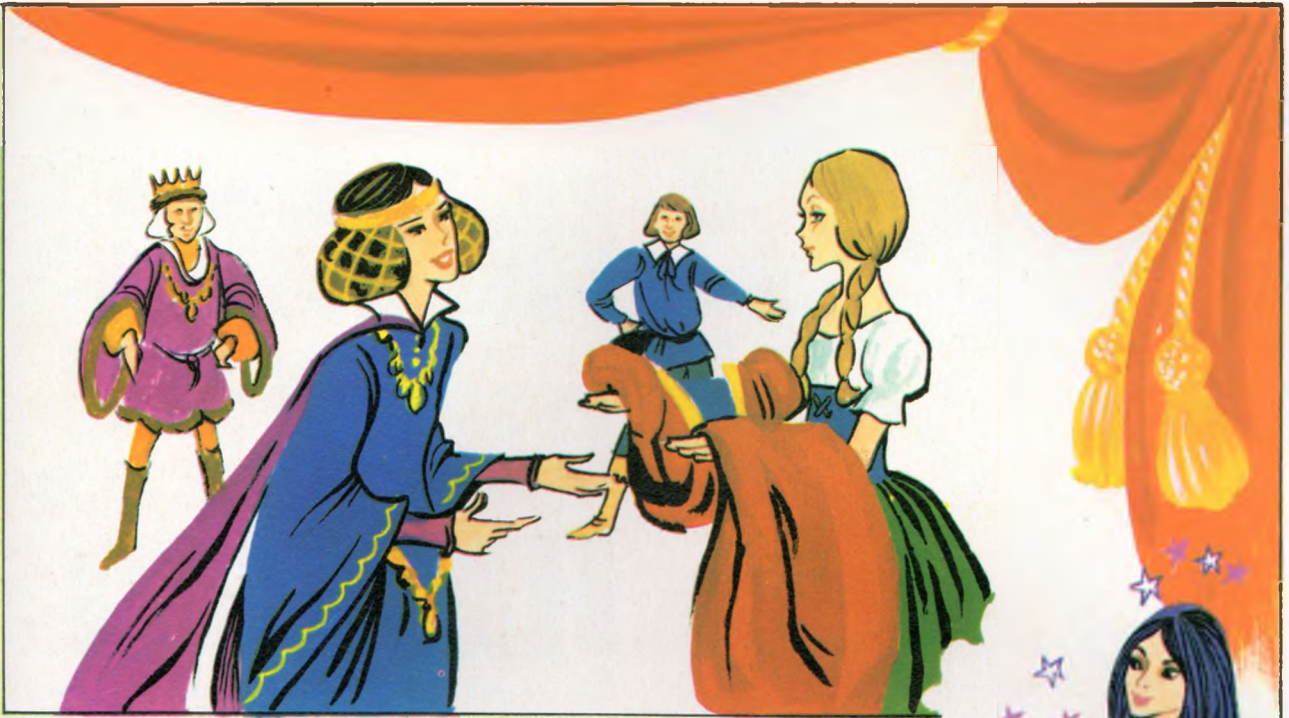


13. Minna was just as delighted to see her handsome prince and they greeted each other as though they had known each other for a long time. Minna told the prince about her dream.



14. Then the prince told Minna how he had dreamed about her and the pool in the forest. "It must be magic," he said. "But I am very pleased it happened. Now I shall take you back to my palace,

to meet my mother, the queen." With that, the prince put Minna on to his horse and they set off through the forest, until at last the prince's palace appeared in the distance.



15. The queen was delighted when she saw Minna and thought she was the most charming girl she had ever seen. "What fine needlework," she said, when she saw the dress Minna had made.



16. Of course, the prince had fallen in love with Minna and he wished to marry her at once. The queen was very happy with her son's choice, for she too loved Minna's sweetness and beauty.



17. As for Minna, she had never been so happy in her life as the day when she married her handsome prince. One of the guests at the wedding, though nobody saw her, was the delighted dream fairy.

Brer Rabbit meets Mr. Lion

ONE afternoon, when Brer Rabbit left the house of Miss Meadows and the girls he was very, very happy. But he did seem to be walking a tiny bit slower than usual, without hopping and skipping and jumping like he generally did. And can you guess why?

It was a simple answer really . . . it was because Brer Rabbit was full up! He had eaten so much dinner that he felt just like a walking barrel. He was full almost to bursting as a matter of fact.

"My, my, my! What a feast that was," he chuckled to himself, patting his fat tummy. "That nice Miss Meadows sure does make the finest and tastiest pumpkin pies around these parts and it was most kind of her to let me have six second helpings."

Artful Brer Rabbit felt at peace with the world. It was a lovely day with the sun shining and the birds all twittering. "Oh, my," he murmured to himself. "I reckon I must



be the fattest rabbit in the whole world."

Presently he came to the bank of a river and he called out, "Hello there, Brer Alligator! Are you in?"

He looked and he listened and he called out again. "Hello there, Brer Alligator! Are you in today?"

Now it wasn't Brer Rabbit's idea to FIND Brer Alligator. He just wanted to make sure that he wasn't prowling around somewhere in the water, with his big mouth and sharp teeth waiting for the chance to snap up a tasty morsel like a fat and well-fed rabbit.

Satisfied that Brer Alligator was nowhere around and not likely to bother him, Brer Rabbit took off his shoes and socks and slipped his feet into the water, dabbling them around in circles.

"That's mighty fine, mighty fine," he sighed, wriggling his toes. The stream was just right, not too warm and not too cool and Brer Rabbit enjoyed the feel of it.

He sat there for about half an hour until he thought it was time to be going home. And it was then that he got the shock of his life.

"Howdy, Brer Rabbit," growled a deep voice quite close to him.

Brer Rabbit looked round sharply and nearly jumped right out of his skin when he saw Mr. Lion.

"Howdy, Mr. Lion," he managed to say. "I was just thinking to myself that there's nothing nicer than paddling your feet in the cool water. There's no doubt about it—we animals are very lucky to have a stream handy when the day is hot."

"Maybe so, maybe so," said Mr. Lion. "And I might remark that some of us animals are mighty





lucky to find a bite to eat now and then."

"You're right. With food as scarce as it is, it's no wonder that we all go around feeling hungry, Mr. Lion," said Brer Rabbit, slipping on his shoes and socks and looking round for a way of escape. "But I don't suppose that hunger bothers a big fellow like you much."

"It does sometimes—and one of those times is right now," answered Mr. Lion. "Stay right where you are, Brer Rabbit. I don't want my dinner to escape."

"Dinner?" gasped Brer Rabbit.

"That's what I said," agreed Mr. Lion, licking his lips.

Brer Rabbit realised that he was in a spot of trouble, so he started to laugh as best he could.

"Why, Mr. Lion, I might almost come to think that you wanted ME for your dinner," he smiled. "What a joke that is."

"It's no joke, Brer Rabbit," said Mr. Lion.

"But I'm no use to you," said

Brer Rabbit. "I'm no use to you at all, Mr. Lion. Why, I wouldn't make a square meal for a great, strong and wonderful creature like you. I'm such a scraggy little thing. Your Lordship shouldn't waste his splendid teeth on me."

Mr. Lion opened his mouth. Yes, thought Brer Rabbit with a shiver, he certainly has splendid teeth. And all the while his clever little brain was trying to work out a plan of escape.

"Oh no, Mr. Lion, you would hardly taste me!" he said. "Why, I know just the place where you can get a really good meal. Look up there."

Brer Rabbit pointed to a nearby hillside. There were some lumps of white scattered around the top of it and they were really lumps of rock, but Brer Rabbit pretended they were something else.

"On top there you will find the finest flock of sheep you've ever seen in your life, Mr. Lion," he went on. "Do you see them?"

Mr. Lion, who was a bit short-sighted, peered at the white lumps.

"Are THOSE sheep?" he asked.

"The very finest possible," said Brer Rabbit, "and they're all lolling about in the grass because they're just too fat to move around. Now one of those would be a meal fit for a king like you. I'll go and get you one."

"Pick me out a nice one," said Mr. Lion.

"Don't worry, I will," said Brer Rabbit, edging away from him and starting to go up the slope. "You just stay right where you are, my friend, and I'll have one of those fat lazy sheep rolling down to you in next to no time. All you have to do is to open your mouth wide and see what arrives!"

"Yum-yum!" murmured Mr. Lion. "Well, hurry up, Brer Rabbit."

So up to the top of the hill went Brer Rabbit and when he got there

he shoved one of the pieces of rock so that it started to roll down. "Get ready, Mr. Lion!" he called out. "Here it comes now! Close your eyes and open your mouth wide."

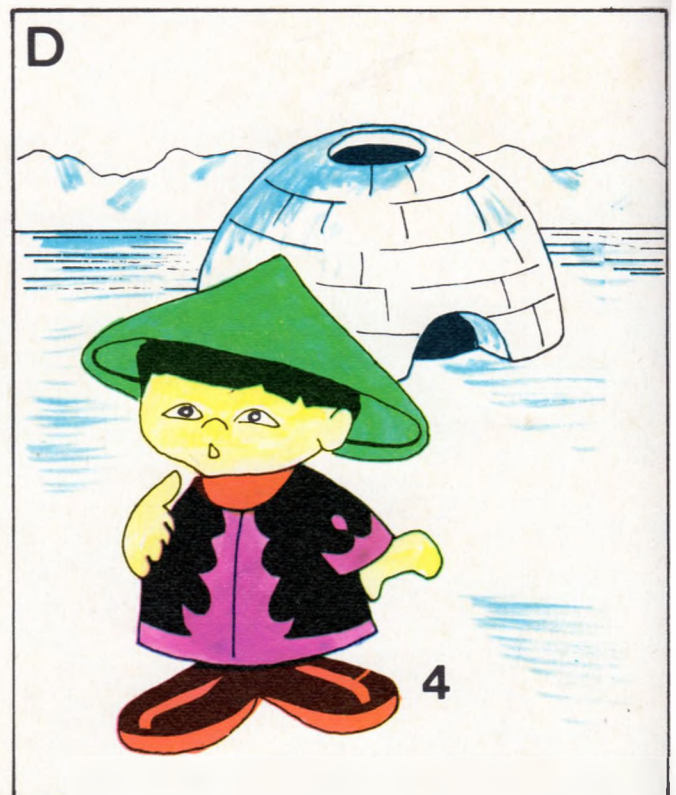
Mr. Lion saw something large and white rolling down the slope towards him, so he closed his eyes and kept his mouth wide open.

Then — bump - bump - BUMP! Down bounced the boulder and it caught Mr. Lion a fair old whack in the chest, sending him toppling backwards so that he ended up in the river.

"Isn't it just like I said — nice and cool?" chuckled artful Brer Rabbit and away he went over the hillside, lickerty-split to the safety of his own home. Which only goes to show that you don't have to be very big to beat a lion — you just have to be as clever and cunning as Brer Rabbit.



Fun and Games

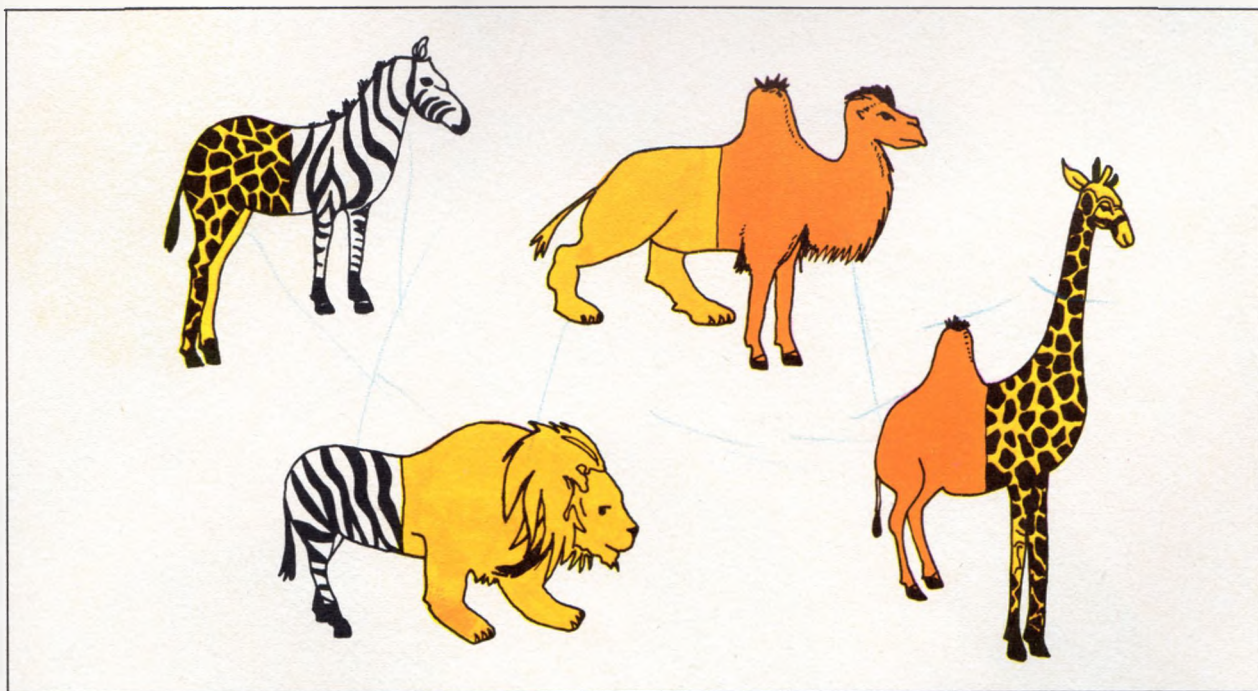




As you can see, one of the drawings above is coloured and one is not. Take some coloured pencils and colour the one on the right so that it looks like the left one.



Our silly artist has got the bodies of the animals shown in the picture below all mixed up. Can you fit the right pieces together?



On the opposite page you can see four worried little boys. They have somehow got their houses mixed up. See if you can help by saying who owns each house.

Answers :

1 owns D ; 2 owns C ; 3 owns A ; 4 owns B .

All Sorts of PRETTY PARROTS



1
SCARLET-RUMPED
PARAKEET



YELLOW-
BREASTED
PARAKEET
2



3
COMMON
PARROT



PENNANT'S
PARAKEET
4



6
BEAUTIFUL PARAKEET



5
ROSE-
HEADED
PARROT



7
RED-SHOULDERED
PARAKEET



KING
PARAKEET
8



9
HORNED PARAKEET

There are some beautiful birds in the parrot family — that's why people say "Pretty Polly!" when they talk to them. On the opposite page we can only show you a few of the many different parrots in their lovely colours. Our artist has drawn you the same ones in outline only, so you can have fun colouring them for yourselves.



THE WISE OLD OWL knows all the answers

Who discovered the Solomon Islands?

"Just over 400 years ago a Spanish explorer landed on some islands in the South Pacific. He did not know what they were, but called them the Solomon Islands, after the wealthy King Solomon. He thought that the islands would be rich, too."



What does a Bush-Baby look like?

"Our artist has painted a picture of one for you. We usually call this attractive animal a Bush-Baby, but its real name is a Galago. It has very big eyes and is a nocturnal animal, coming out at night to feed on fruit, locusts and small birds. It lives in the forests of Central Africa."

Who invented kites?

"Kites have been known for about two thousand years. In ancient China they were very popular and some of the kites they flew were in the shape of dragons with long tails. A kite flies easily when there is a breeze to cause enough pressure on its surface to lift it into the upper air."



Is it true that cats and dogs cause the rain ?

"No. Rain is not caused by cats and dogs as some people once believed. They thought that cats, which were really witches in disguise, flew through the air and caused rain. In old pictures rain-storms are shown coming from the mouth of a cloud shaped like a dog. But this explains why we say, 'It's raining cats and dogs'."



Do ostriches hide behind rocks in the sand ?

"It would be more true to say that ostriches hide near them. If chased, these big birds will suddenly flop down on the sand and make themselves appear like the hummocks of rock around them. In this way they hope to escape the attention of any enemies that might attack them."



What are Morris-dancers and where do they come from ?

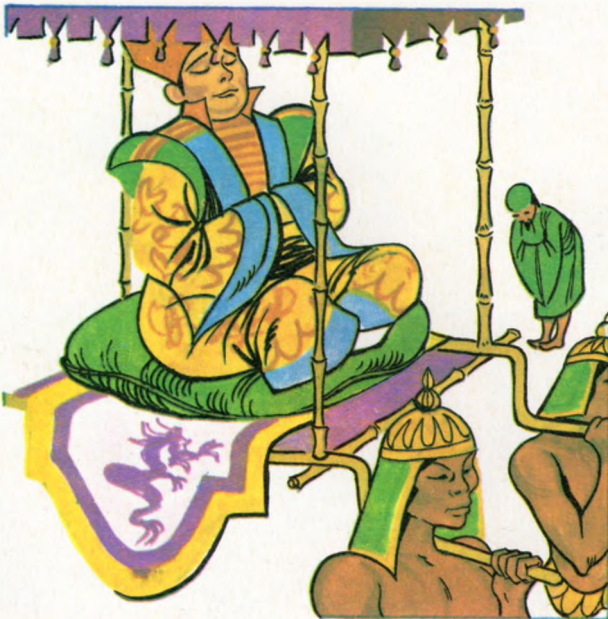
"These gay dances are performed in many villages in Great Britain, usually in the streets. Nobody really knows how they got their name or who first started such dancing, but it is thought that they came from the Moorish countries of North Africa, where they were called Morisco dances."

Sanko the Stonecutter



1. Long ago, in the country of Japan, there lived a stonecutter, whose name was Sanko. All day long Sanko was hard at work with his hammer and chisel, cutting away at the stone and although he did

not earn much money, he was quite contented. He felt proud of his work, for he was a very fine stonecutter. One day, a rich and powerful Emperor passed by the place where Sanko was working.



2. The Emperor was carried on a litter by a number of slaves and as he passed by, all the people had to bow low. "How powerful the Emperor is," said Sanko. "I wish I were a powerful Emperor."



3. As he spoke, Sanko's wish was granted. Suddenly he was changed into an Emperor. Everyone bowed low before him. "How great and powerful I am now," thought Sanko proudly. "Everyone bows to me."



4. It was a hot day. The sun was blazing down and soon Sanko began to feel very uncomfortable. "The sun is far more powerful than an Emperor," said Sanko. "I wish I were the sun."



5. Again as Sanko spoke, his wish was granted. "How powerful I am," he said, beaming down on the people beneath him. "Everyone can feel the sun shining down on them. It is good to be the sun."



6. Just then, fluffy white clouds began to appear. They drifted across the sky until they had gathered in a thick white bank of cloud right beneath Sanko. He could no longer see the earth or the

people. More important, the people could no longer see him or feel his power over them. Sanko felt angry. "Clouds are more powerful than the sun," he said to himself. "I wish I were a cloud."



7. He had hardly spoken the words when he was changed into a billowing white cloud. He floated gently across the sky, gazing down at the earth beneath him and feeling very pleased with himself.



8. He passed some parched-looking ground. The grass was beginning to wither and the trees looked limp, so Sanko poured rain down on them. "How powerful I am now," he said. "For I can make rain."



9. The rain made the earth look fresh and the trees spring to life again. Sanko felt very pleased with himself as he floated on over the mountains. Then, as he looked down below, he suddenly

noticed beneath him the great stone which he had been cutting before his wishes were granted. "How much more powerful I am, now that I am a cloud," he thought to himself.



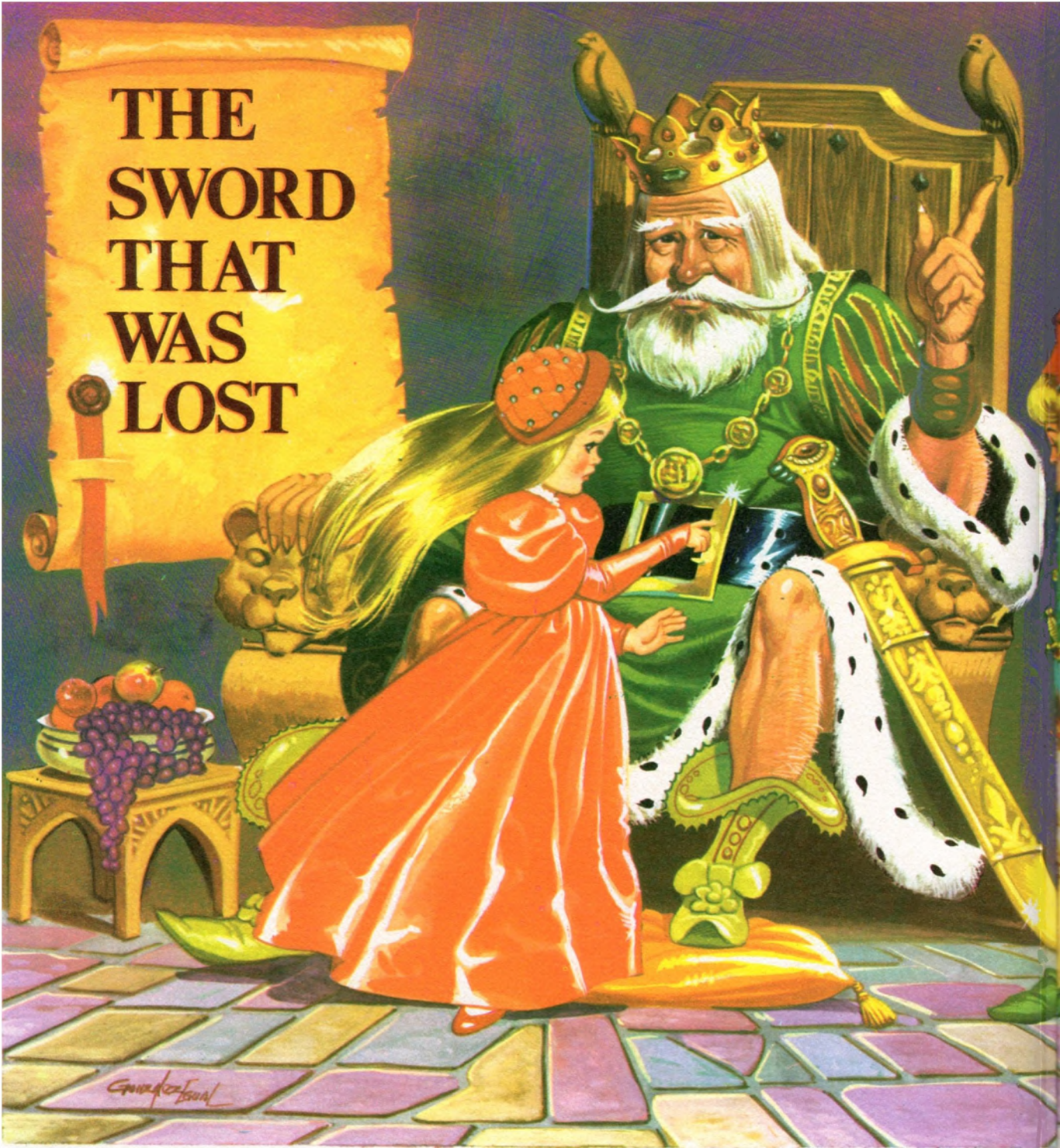
10. Sanko decided to show the great stone just how powerful he had become, so he floated above it, pouring down torrents of rain, large hailstones and flashes of lightning on to it.



11. The great stone remained where it was, unmoved although the storm which Sanko had made beat upon it in all its fury. Sanko stared in amazement. "That stone is more powerful than anything," he said. "And I, the stonecutter, could cut it. I wish I were a stonecutter again." At once, his wish was granted and happily, Sanko set to work again, cutting the stone.



THE SWORD THAT WAS LOST



THERE once was a King who had four grandchildren, one Prince and three Princesses. They loved to get their Grandpa to tell them a bedtime story.

"Dear, oh dear," said the King one evening. "I simply can't think

of any more stories about fairies, so I am going to tell you a true story of something that happened many years ago."

Once upon a time, he began to tell them, there was a very proud young King who wanted to show



all his subjects that he was very brave. Now in those days, the bravest thing a King could do was to lead his soldiers into battle against another Kingdom. So the proud young King called up his Chief War Minister.

"Get all my soldiers ready to march at ten o'clock tomorrow," he said. "We will attack King Rufus, of the Kingdom next door."

"But King Rufus has never done us any harm and neither has the Princess Serena, his daughter," said the Chief Minister.

"Do as I say," said the King.

"Very well, Your Majesty," the Minister sighed.

So at ten o'clock next morning all the soldiers were ready. But where was the King? Ministers ran around, shouting: "The King has lost his sword! The Royal sword is lost!"

Of course, it wouldn't be right for a King to lead his soldiers into battle without the Royal sword. But by late afternoon it still had not been found.

In the end the young King had to give up. "Call the war off," he ordered. "Send the soldiers to search for my lost Royal sword."

The soldiers found it, in a haystack. They brought it to the King, together with a girl dressed in a black cloak and hood.

"Why did you steal my sword, and who are you?" asked the King.

The girl threw back her hood, and then they saw she was wearing a crown. "I am Princess Serena, daughter of King Rufus," she said. "When I was given secret news that you planned an attack today, I stole your Royal sword so as to stop the war."

"I'm glad you did," smiled the young King, who thought Serena was very beautiful.

"Later they were married," the old King ended up. "Which is why I still have that sword and Queen Serena is your grandmother."



The Enchanted Deer



ONCE upon a time there lived the King of Morento, and he was very sad and unhappy because he had no children. He was always praying for a son and sought advice from anybody who wished to visit his Palace. But no advice was any good and his hopes faded away.

One day, tired of praying and listening to what other people told him, he decided to close his Palace to visitors. However, a very wise old man from a distant land happened to pass that way on his travels and not knowing that the King had changed his ideas, he knocked on the Palace door. The King in person went to open it and scowled at the sight of the old man.

"Go away," he said. "The Palace is no longer open to travellers."

"Why?" asked the wise old man.

"Because I'm weary and unhappy

with everything," replied the King. "I have never been blessed with children of my own and I do not wish to see anybody."

"Would you like some good advice?" said the wise old man. "Send your servants to the top of the high mountain on the border of your Kingdom to collect some blue figs which only grow there on a certain tree. Then have these blue figs cooked in some of the finest wine and give them to the Queen to eat. By that means you will have the son you pray for."

The King thought about it and decided to try it. He gave orders to the servants and they climbed the high mountain to collect a few of the rare blue figs.

The Palace cook was told how to prepare them with wine and she later presented the Queen with the dishful of delicious figs. They were

soon eaten by Her Majesty—and, wonder of wonders, she later gave birth to a lovely son, whom she named Andrea.

But on the very same day, the Palace cook, who had only breathed in the smell of the cooking blue figs when she was preparing them, also gave birth to a lovely son. She called him Rolando.

Now the two little boys were just like twins. They grew up together and became very attached to each other. Rolando, the cook's son, was taught to read and write by the same Palace teacher and became as clever as Prince Andrea himself.

However, little by little the Queen began to worry about this. She was not happy to see that Andrea liked the company of Rolando better than even her own. Her jealousy grew greater and greater until one day in the Palace when Andrea was not present, she slapped Rolando in the face.

Rolando, more sad than hurt, then realised that his presence in the Palace was causing trouble between the Queen and Prince Andrea, so he decided that he must leave.

"But why are you going?" asked Andrea.

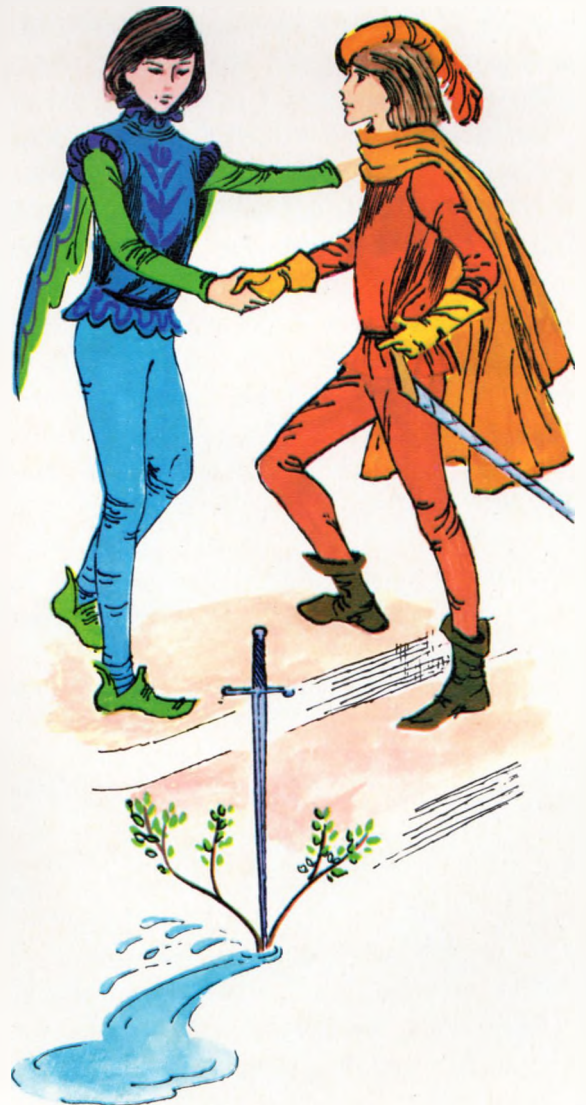
"I would like to see other parts of the world," Rolando told him.

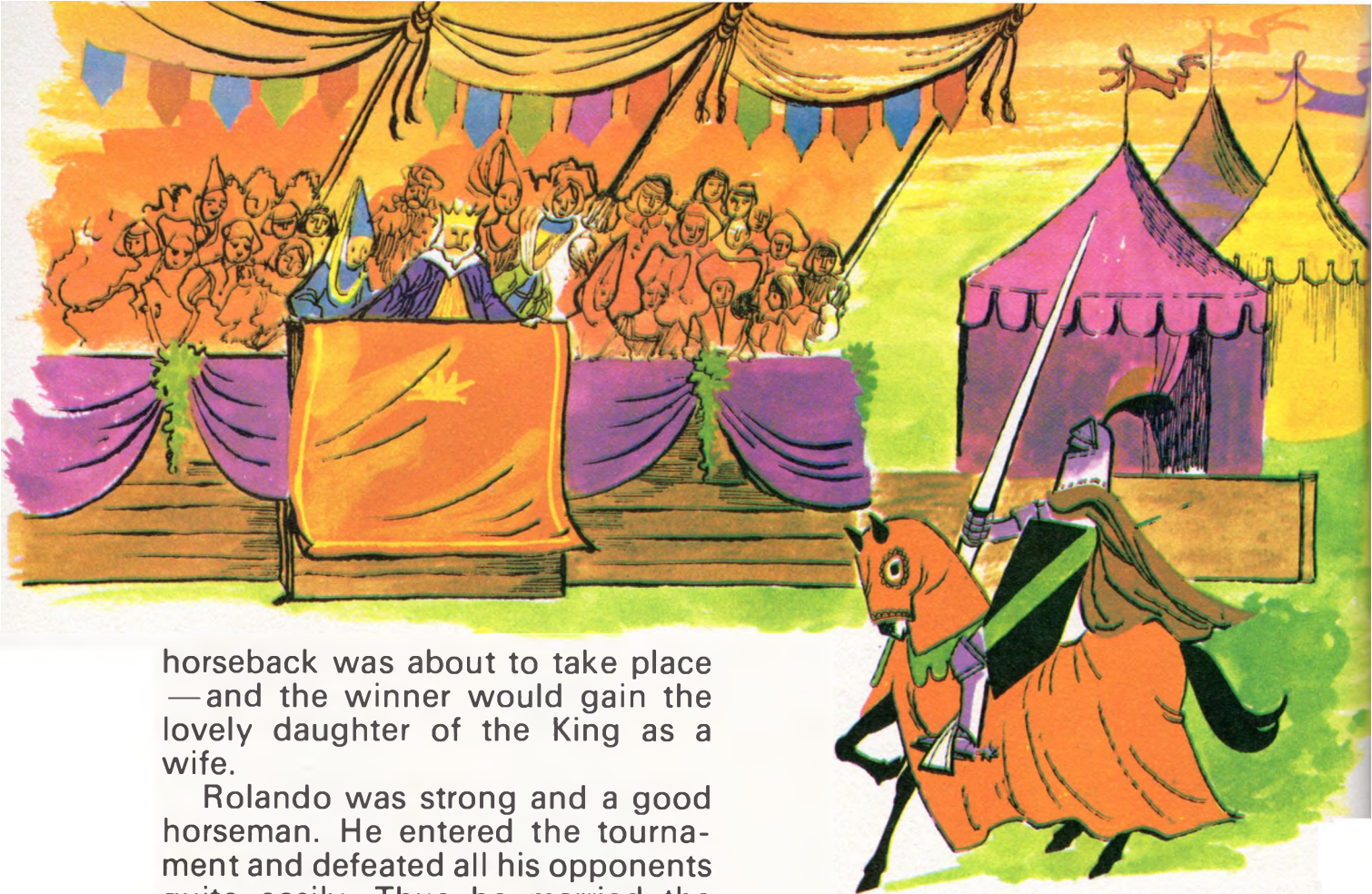
When the moment came for the two youngsters to say goodbye to each other, Andrea asked Rolando to leave behind some sign of his friendship. This Rolando did by sticking a sword into the ground. At the spot where the sword pierced the soil a plant at once grew and a small stream of water trickled from its roots.

"Watch that stream of water very closely," Rolando told Andrea. "If you see it is clear then you will know that I am in good health. If it becomes cloudy you will know that I am in danger. If it dries up altogether, you will know that I am dead. Also, the plant will remain green while I still live, but will die if I also die."

Having said this, Rolando embraced Andrea and departed.

After many adventures he came to a faraway Kingdom where a tournament between knights on





horseback was about to take place—and the winner would gain the lovely daughter of the King as a wife.

Rolando was strong and a good horseman. He entered the tournament and defeated all his opponents quite easily. Thus he married the Princess and so became a Prince himself. And he was very happy at the court, until one day when he thought he would go hunting.

"Don't do that," the King asked him. "In these woods there lives an ogre, who changes his appearance at will. Sometimes he appears as a goat, or a lion, or a deer. He leads hunters to his cave and there eats them!"

Rolando was not afraid and decided that he would go hunting despite the King's advice. So he went into the wood and soon he saw a beautiful deer, which ran away from him. Rolando gave chase. The chase led him across a stream and through a waterfall, which resulted in Rolando getting so wet that he went into a cave to light a fire and dry his clothes.

While he was doing this, and not knowing that he was already almost in the clutches of the wicked ogre, he saw the deer come to the mouth of the cave. "Good knight, please let me warm myself," it pleaded.

"Come right in," said Rolando.

"I daren't, because I'm frightened of your sword," said the deer.

"In that case, I'll get rid of it," said Rolando and he threw his sword away to the back of the cave.

At once the deer altered appearance and changed to the shape of the wicked ogre! In one bound he seized Rolando and threw him into a ditch which he covered with a huge stone. "I'll eat you later, when you are fatter and I am ready

for a good supper," said the ogre.

Meanwhile, what was happening back in the Kingdom of Morento? Twice a day Andrea had been watching the little stream and the plant, and when he saw one morning that the stream had clouded and the plant looked limp and dry, he jumped on his horse and went in search of Rolando.

At length he came to the other Kingdom and found everyone in a state of great sadness, believing Rolando to be dead.

Now, as you remember, Andrea and Rolando were rather like twins. When she saw Andrea, the Princess flung her arms around his neck and begged him to go into the wood in search of her missing husband. But she gave him good warning of the ogre and the enchanted deer.

"Do not be deceived by its sweet appearance and pleadings," she told him. "Remember, always, that it is really the wicked ogre in disguise!"

Thus forewarned, Andrea went into the woods with a strong hunting dog. They soon met the enchanted deer which led them a chase across the stream and through the waterfall. Andrea behaved exactly as Rolando had done by going into the cave to light a fire and dry his clothes.

And, as before, the enchanted deer appeared, and asked if it could come nearer to warm itself by the fire.

"Certainly," replied Andrea.

"But I am afraid of your dog," said the deer.

"You do well to be afraid, ogre in disguise!" shouted Andrea, and he let the hunting dog loose. With

a howl of terror the ogre turned to run, but the fleet footed dog soon captured him.

Then Andrea turned to look round for Rolando. Hearing a cry from the ditch near the cave, he rolled away the big stone and there found his lost friend.

The two young men were overjoyed to see each other again. Delightedly they returned to the Kingdom and there was great happiness when Prince Rolando greeted his Princess wife.

So the region was forever rid of its ogre and no one saw the enchanted deer again. As for Rolando, he gave Andrea a note to take back to the Kingdom of Morento, asking his mother to join him.

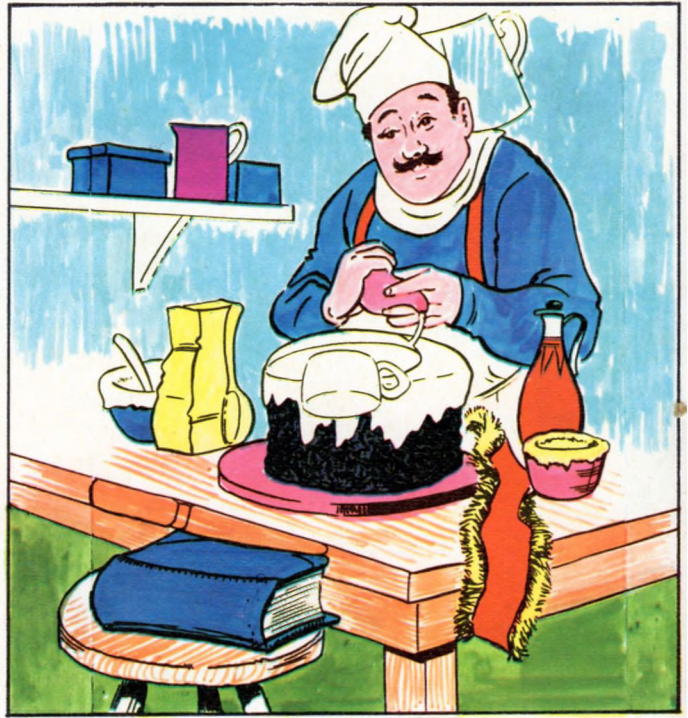
His mother did so . . . but not any more as a Palace cook.



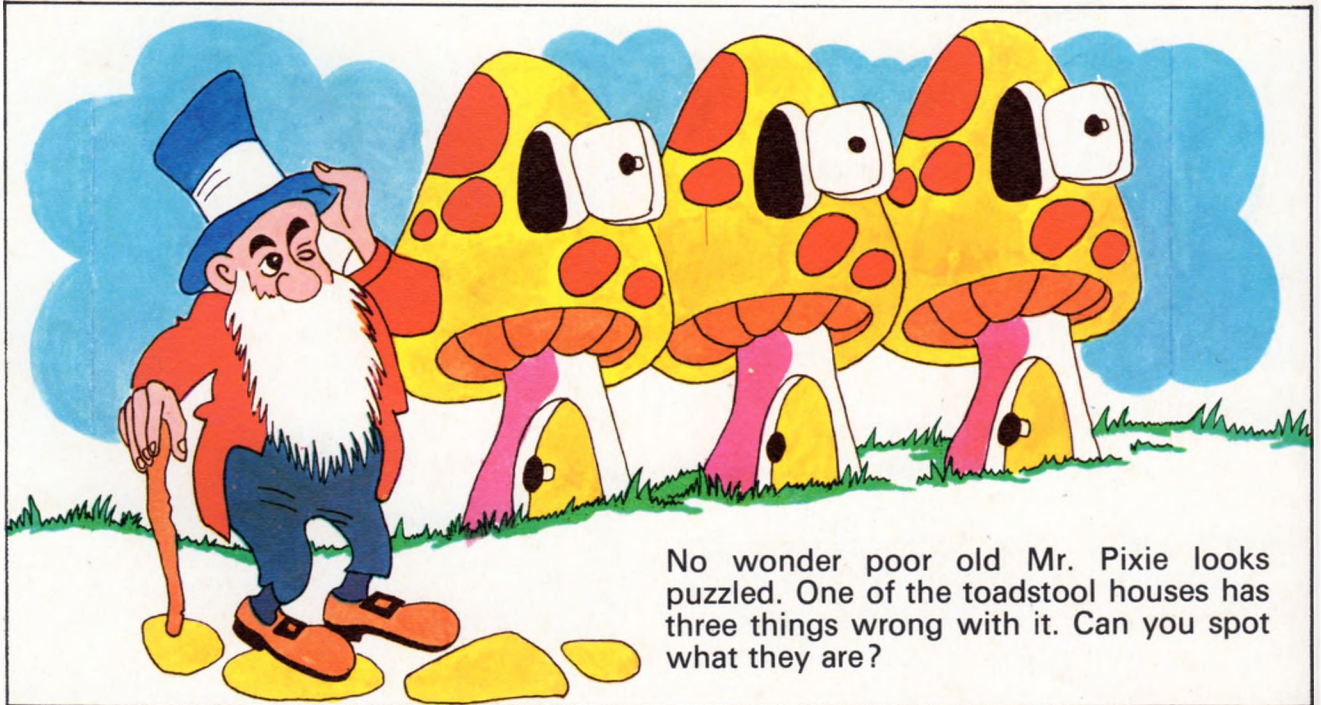
Fun and Games



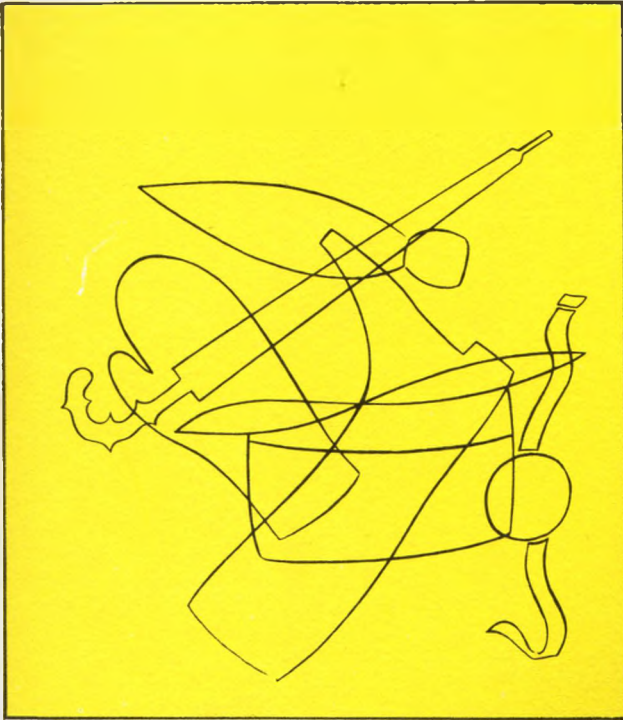
Someone has dropped this lovely bowl and broken it. Can you see which piece fits so that the bowl can be put together again?



This silly cook has lost his spoon, knife, cup and saucer and a jug. Can you help him find them in the picture?

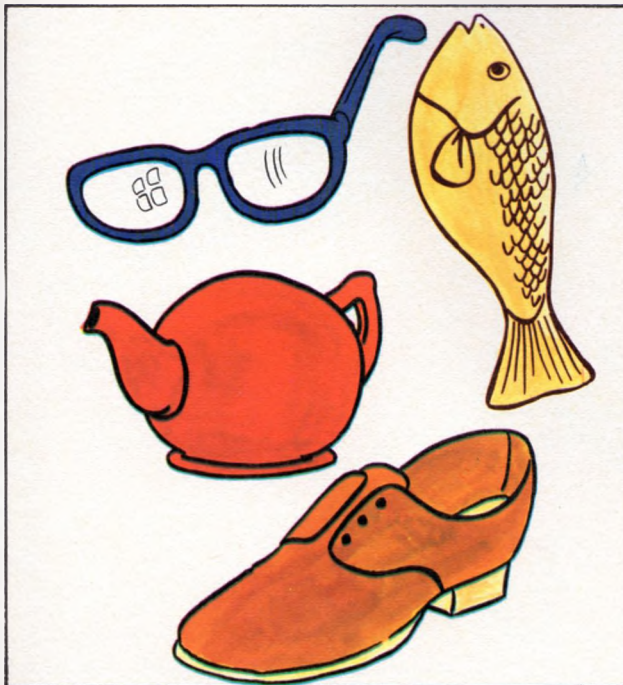


No wonder poor old Mr. Pixie looks puzzled. One of the toadstool houses has three things wrong with it. Can you spot what they are?



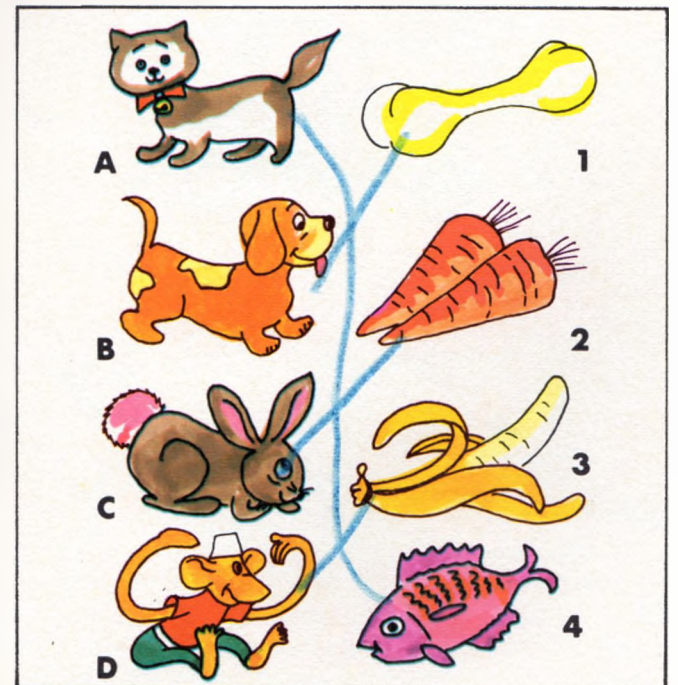
Here are a number of articles all jumbled up. See if you can separate them and name what they are.

Our forgetful artist has not completed all the objects below for each has something missing. Look carefully and see if you can find out what is missing from each object.



Mr. Sailor is finding it difficult to get to his boat for he has to go through the village. Can you help him find a path without climbing over any fences?

The four little animals in the picture below are very hungry, but the food opposite each animal is not what they like best. Can you decide the food each animal would enjoy most?

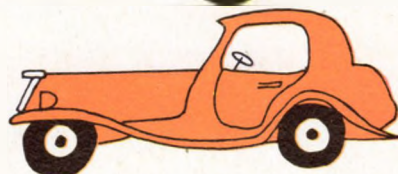
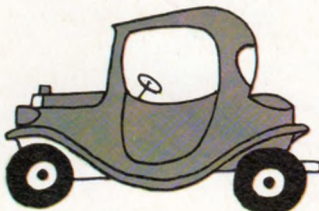
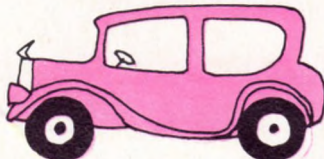
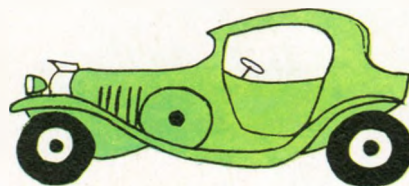
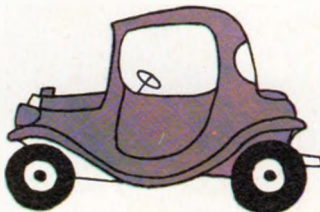


Fun and Games



Charlie the Clown loves juggling. Take your coloured pencils and see if you can colour the drawing on the right to match the one on the left.

Two of the six cars below are the same make. Take a good look and see if you can find which two they are.

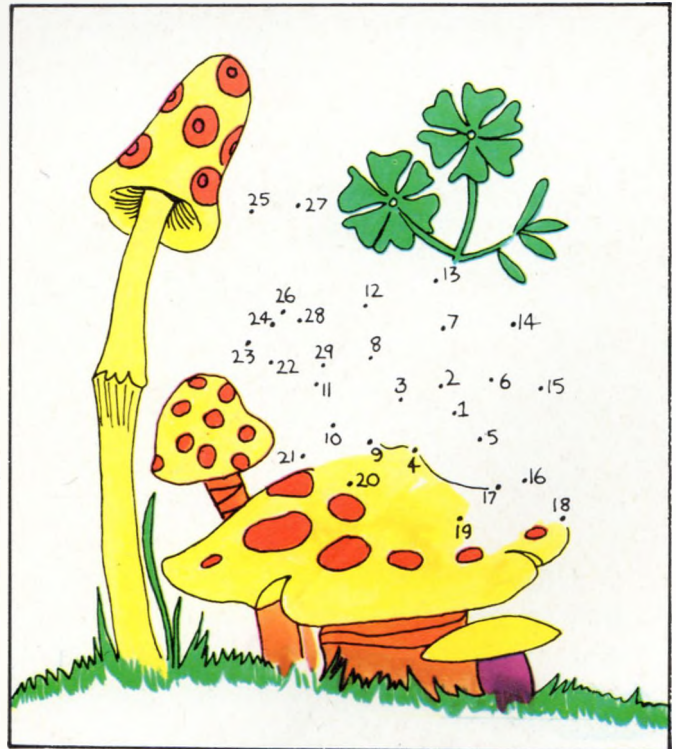


Answer: The car in the top left-hand corner and the car in the bottom left-hand corner are the same.



On the right is another beautiful picture for you to colour. See if you can make it look as attractive as our artist has with his picture on the left.

The articles below look all funny when they are jumbled up together. See if you can sort them out by naming each one.



Here's a chance to be a little dotty by joining all the dots from number 1 to number 29 and you'll discover what is resting on the mushroom.



The Big Ostrich

Ostriches are the biggest birds in the world, but there is one thing about them that makes them different from most other birds. Ostriches cannot fly, although they have feathers. The giant birds weigh twice as much as a man and stand seven feet tall, so you can imagine just how difficult it would be for

an ostrich to perch on a tree-branch! As a matter of fact, ostriches keep away from places thick with trees. They prefer the open plains of Africa (where they live) because they can see all round them and spot any danger which may threaten. The bird shown above is a splendid-looking male ostrich.

The picture on this page shows you a female ostrich. You can see at once the difference in colour, for the female has more brown in her feathers.

At the first sign of danger, most birds would spread their wings and fly away, but an ostrich cannot do this. Instead it takes to its heels and runs! Have a good look at its tough-clawed feet. It also uses them as a form of defence and can lash out with them, rather like a kicking horse, and deal an enemy a very powerful blow.

When pressed this enormous

bird can run at a speed of forty miles an hour or more, covering the ground in great strides, fifteen feet long. Even men riding fast horses have difficulty in keeping up with an ostrich, so the bird usually escapes, despite the fact that it tends to run in a wide circle, back to the point where it started from.

Ostriches are a feature of the plains of Africa, often mingling with a herd of zebras, who seem to like their company. This is probably because ostriches, with their long necks, make good look-outs and can see danger coming.





Many years ago, it was the fashion among ladies to wear large hats decorated with ostrich feathers, which used to cost quite a lot of money. Nowadays, however, there is not such a demand for the feathers of these birds. In South Africa you can still see ostrich farms where these birds are reared, but nobody makes a fortune from the sale of their feathers like they did at one time.

When it comes to breeding-time, the male ostrich makes the nest—but it is not a nest carefully built and lined with soft material. It is just a hollow scraped out of the ground, and in it several females lay their eggs. These are huge eggs with thick shells. When it is cold in the daytime, the female sits on them to keep them warm, but at night the male always sits on them. It takes about six weeks for the chicks to form inside the eggs and then they hatch out. On the right you can see a series of pictures, showing how the baby ostrich first makes a hole in the thick shell, then jerks and wriggles until it can finally crawl out.

Do you notice one strange thing about the baby chicks? They have striped heads. But as they grow older these striped markings will gradually disappear, and

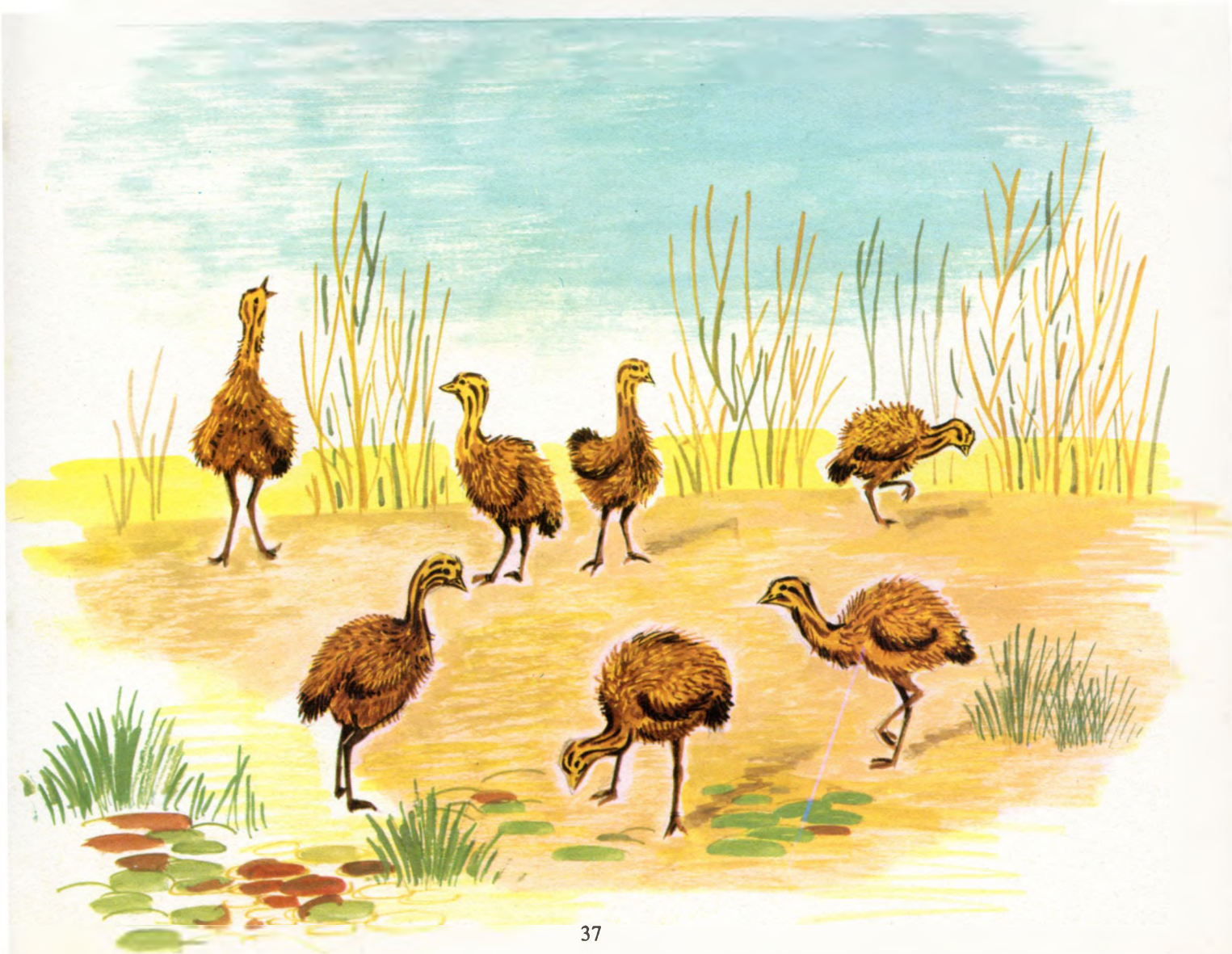


their necks will grow longer and less feathered, like their parents.

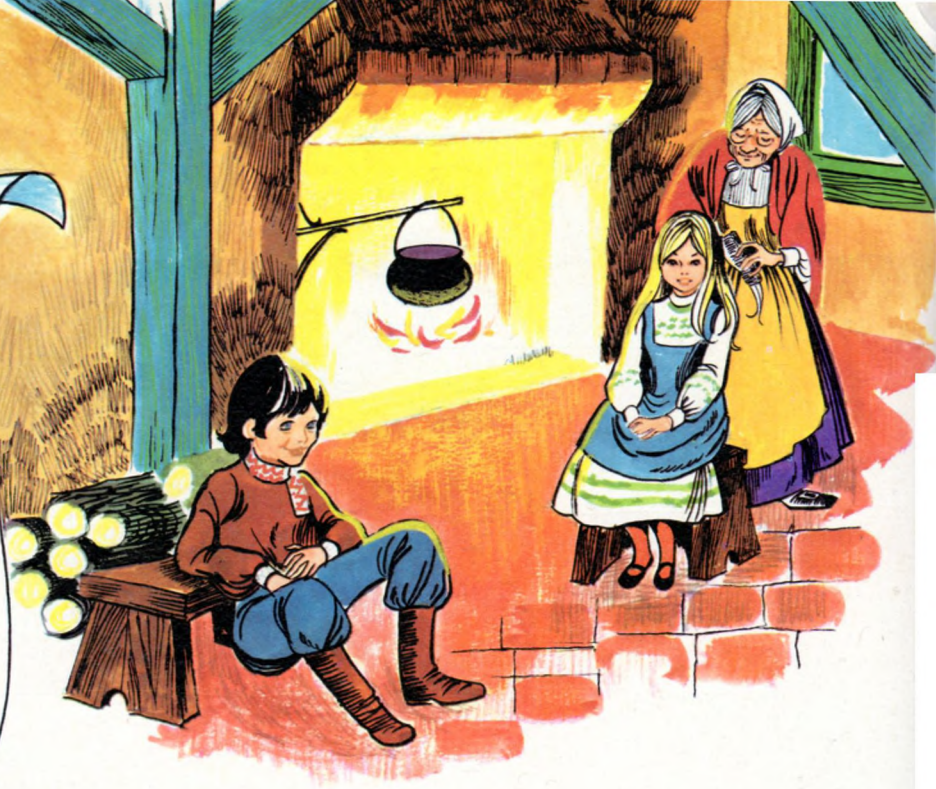
As soon as they are born, ostrich chicks can follow their parents and leave the nest. They search around and begin to look for fruit and plants to eat. As they grow in size they will also take smaller animals as part of their food. The young ones travel around with their parents until they are fully grown. The male chicks will grow black feathers with white wing and tail plumes, and the females will be brownish-grey. No doubt you will have seen baby birds of the kind that can fly fluttering their wings madly to

get themselves airborne for the first time. Baby ostriches, of course, do not do this, but they stride around as they search for food and so develop strong legs and very powerful thigh muscles which will be very useful to them in later years.

At one time it was believed that when an ostrich was being chased it buried its head in the sand. But this is not really true. All the ostrich does is to lay down and stretch out its neck on the ground, so that from a distance it might look rather like a lump of unimportant rock and deceive a would-be enemy.



THE SNOW QUEEN



THERE was once a wicked old magician who had a magic mirror. It had the power to make beautiful things look ugly and horrible. One day the wizard thought he would take his mirror into Fairyland, because it would give him pleasure to see their expressions when they used it and saw how ugly their faces looked in the mirror.

But on the way there he let the mirror slip from his hand and it dropped to the ground, shattering into a million tiny pieces. One of these tiny pieces fell into the eye of a little boy named John, who lived with his parents on a farm.

Next door to the farm lived a sweet young girl named Elizabeth. She and John had become great friends and they were very fond of each other.

At least, they had been fond of each other, until that awful day when the tiny piece of mirror fell

into John's eye. It changed everything for him, because instead of seeing beautiful things, he found himself looking at ugly things. As a result, John became very spiteful and horrid.

One day, when John set out in search of something nasty to do to somebody he came upon a lovely lady, wearing a crown which sparkled with brilliant diamonds. Although John was still affected



by the piece of mirror, he saw the fairy queen as one of the most lovely persons he had ever seen.

Now this Fairy Queen was the Queen of the Snows and she lived in a great castle made of solid ice in the country of Finland.

"Would you like to come to my home with me, John?" she asked.

John accepted at once, because he no longer had any affection for his family or for Elizabeth. So the Queen of the Snows took him on to her sledge, pulled by a strong white horse, and carried him through woods and over frozen lakes. They travelled many miles and finally reached the Snow Queen's castle.

Meanwhile, what had happened to Elizabeth? Well, she soon saw that her one-time play-friend had disappeared and though she knew that John had become bad-natured and horrid, she at once set out in search of him.

She got up early, kissed her mother goodbye and got into a small boat which took her across the river which divided the flat fields from a thick wood.

From there she walked and walked and walked until she came, without knowing it, to Finland. Everything was covered in snow and ice—the grass, the plants and the trees and Elizabeth did not know who to turn to for help.

She was hungry and tired and felt like giving up and returning home, when a reindeer and a crow appeared and spoke to her.

"Are you in trouble, little girl?" they asked. "Are you lost?"

Elizabeth told them her story. Whereupon the reindeer said that



he had seen John in the Snow Queen's castle, and if Elizabeth wished it, he would take her there.

Excitedly, Elizabeth said that was just what she wanted. Guided by the friendly reindeer and crow, she hurried on until at last she could see the magnificent castle of the Queen of the Snows. There, the reindeer and crow said goodbye and she thanked them for their great help.

But as Elizabeth went towards the doorway of the castle, she was seen from a window by the Queen of the Snows. "You shall not rescue your friend," said the fairy, and she pointed her fingers and sent a cloud of stinging ice-flakes towards Elizabeth.



They battered against her face and she shivered and trembled, but she was a brave girl and fought her way through them to the castle entrance.

She went inside. Here, everything was also made of solid ice — the floors, the stairs and the pillars which supported the roof. Elizabeth stood looking at it, amazed.

Now, all this time John had never for one moment thought about Elizabeth. Nor did he imagine that she was so close to him.

Searching among all the many rooms of the castle, Elizabeth came to a great cellar. Its floor appeared to be part of a frozen lake, from which pillars of ice rose to the roof.

And there, in the middle of the frozen lake sat John. He was listlessly playing some sort of game with cubes of ice.

Elizabeth's heart gave a joyful leap. "John!" she called out. "John!"

But the boy merely glanced up and took no notice.

"John, don't you know me?" cried Elizabeth. "I'm your dear friend from home. Don't you remember? You lived in the farm next door."

Poor Elizabeth tried hard to make John understand.

"Please look at me," she said, with tears in her eyes. "Please, John, say that you know me."

Perhaps it was the pleading in her voice or the sight of shining tears in her eyes that seemed to get through to John.

He stopped playing with the ice-cubes and stared at Elizabeth for many, many seconds. Then



suddenly a tear appeared in his eye, then more and more tears came, until they trickled down his cheeks.

And those salty tears washed away the tiny piece of magic mirror which was in John's eye.

He suddenly jumped to his feet. His whole expression had changed, for he now saw everything for what it was—beautiful and no longer awful and horrid.

"Elizabeth!" he called out.

He rushed to take her hands and to kiss her. "We were always such wonderful friends," he said. "Something happened to turn me away from you so that I came to live in this castle of ice. But now I can see that I really hate it."

"Then let us leave it at once, dear John," said Elizabeth. "I'm so happy to see that you are yourself again."

Now that John had changed, the Queen of the Snows could no longer keep him there in the ice castle for company.

So the two children, John and Elizabeth, joined hands and hurried away from the castle of ice. Soon they were in warmer lands, where the trees and fields were green

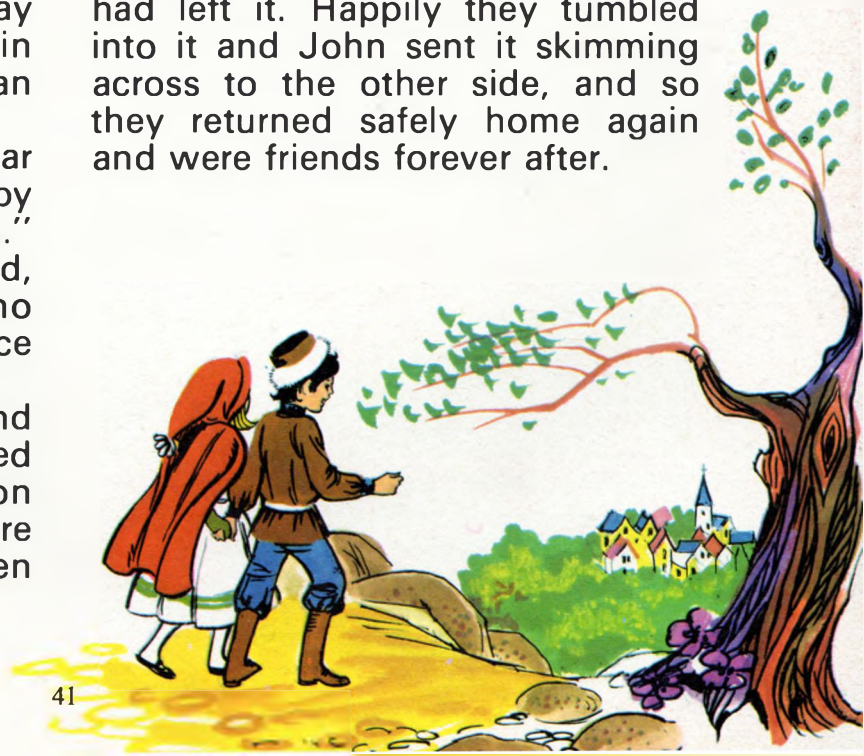
and the sun shone overhead.

Once again John was able to see like other boys and girls and pleased that he was able to enjoy watching all the beautiful things around him.

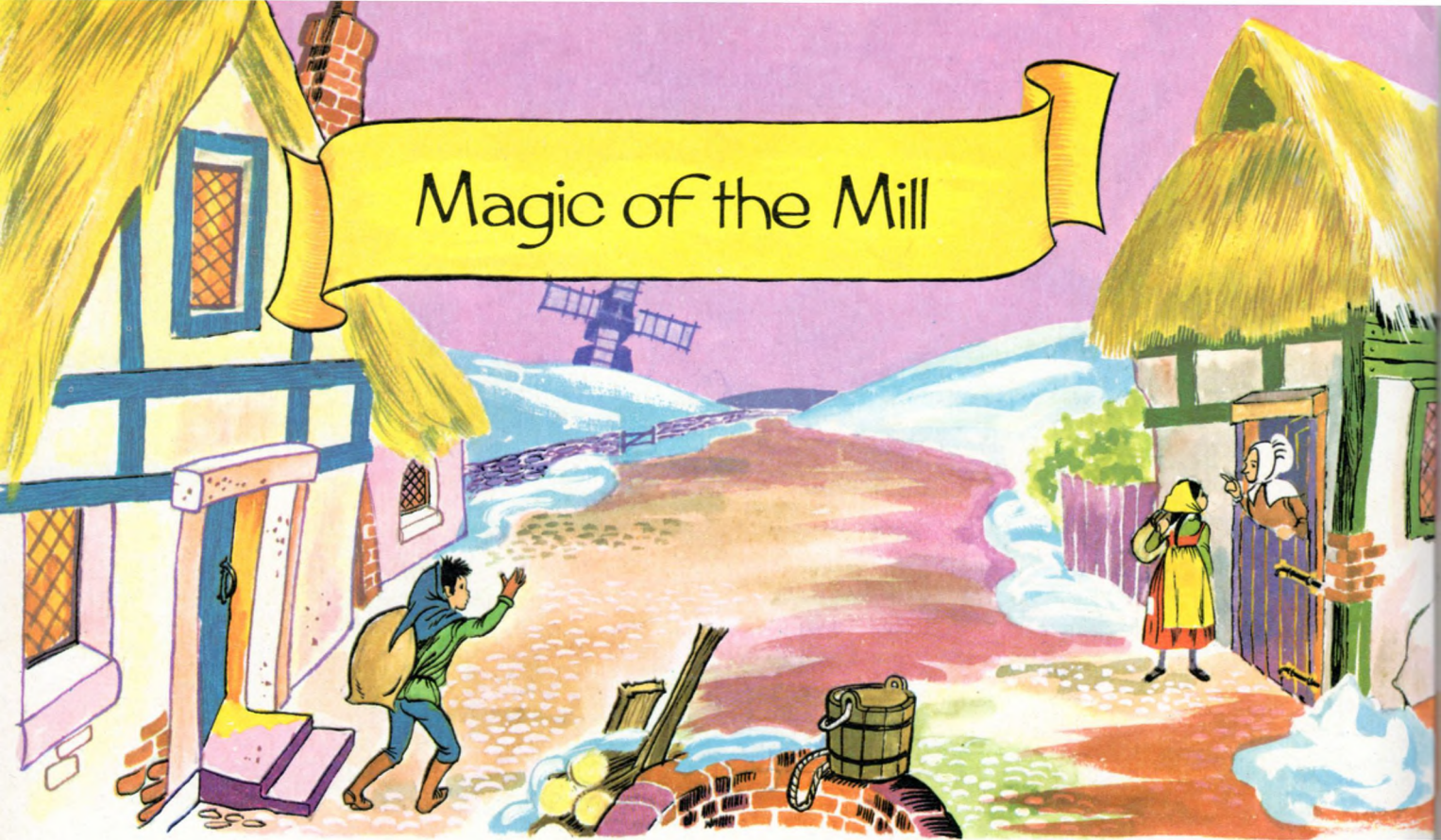
As they walked along they talked of the grand times they had together in the past and laughed as they recalled the tricks they had played on each other.

How they looked forward to being able to enjoy many more happy days in each other's company.

When they came to the river, the boat was still where Elizabeth had left it. Happily they tumbled into it and John sent it skimming across to the other side, and so they returned safely home again and were friends forever after.



Magic of the Mill



1. Long ago, there lived a boy named Hans and a girl named Lisa. Hans lived with his parents in a big cottage. He always had plenty to eat and warm clothes to wear,

but Lisa's family lived in a poor cottage. She was often cold and hungry. One day Hans and Lisa were sent to the mill with corn to be ground into flour.



2. Hans had a large sack of corn, but Lisa had only a small one. They set out together across the snow-covered fields and on their way they passed a scarecrow. All around it the birds were hopping, searching for food.



3. Lisa felt sorry for them. She opened her small sack and scattered several handfuls of corn on the ground for the birds. Hans, resting on his large sack, watched her in amazement. Lisa tied her sack up again and on they went to the mill.



4. "What a silly thing to do," said Hans. "You have hardly enough for yourselves. Now you will have even less flour to take back and your mother will be angry."



5. Inside the mill, Hans's large sack of corn was ground into flour first. When the miller had finished, there was a huge pile of flour which filled the sack.



6. Then the miller took Lisa's sack. "Not much grain in this sack," he said as he poured it out. "You will have very little flour to take home." Poor Lisa felt very sad as she gazed at Hans's big sack, bulging with flour.



7. Out in the field, however, the birds were twittering noisily in the scarecrow's ear. Now, unknown to anyone, he was a magic scarecrow. He listened to the birds as they told him how kind Lisa had been and he nodded his head wisely.



8. The scarecrow pointed one hand in the direction of the mill and a flash of lightning sped from his finger towards the mill. The scarecrow smiled happily.



9. Suddenly, inside the mill, strange things began to happen. The millstone began to whizz round and round very fast and flour poured out in a heap.



10. The miller was amazed. "What is happening?" he gasped, unable to stop the millstone. Soon Lisa's sack was full to the brim, but still the flour poured out. As fast as Lisa gathered it up, the flour came pouring out.



11. When the millstone finally stopped, Lisa had filled six large sacks with flour. "Never have I seen such a thing," beamed the miller. "You cannot carry all these. I will take them for you in my own cart."



12. The miller loaded his cart, Lisa sat on top and off they went. On the way they passed Hans, who was looking glum. Now his sack looked very small.



13. Lisa's mother could hardly believe her eyes when she saw the great pile of flour on the cart. "But I gave you only one small sack," she said.



14. Lisa's mother was delighted, for she had far more flour than she needed for her baking. She was able to sell some of the extra flour and with the money, she bought Lisa some warm winter clothes.

Lisa never forgot her friends, the birds, and whenever she could, she made her way to the field where the scarecrow stood, with a little food for them. As for the scarecrow, he just smiled.

Some Lovely Birds

These are some of the less common birds, which you may be able to spot if you are a keen birdwatcher. The lovely Bee-eater is often called the "rainbow bird", by country folk. Bee-eaters get their name because they often catch bees and wasps to eat, as well as other insects. The Pied Flycatcher, which lives among trees and bushes, also feeds almost entirely on insects. In Spring, the "hoop-hoop" call of the Hoopoe may be heard in meadows and pastures. With its black and white barred wings it is an easy birds to recognise. The bright-coloured yellow and black Golden Oriole is not often seen, for it lives, feeds and breeds among a thick cover of leaves and branches, high in the tree-tops. The song of the Redstart is often heard early in the morning in parks and gardens as well as woodland. It can often be seen, hopping around, flicking its red tail backwards and forwards.



BEE-EATER



PIED FLYCATCHER



HOPOE



GOLDEN ORIOLE



REDSTART

Birds you can see in your garden

The tiny brown Wren, with its stubby, upright tail, the friendly Robin and Chaffinch are common visitors, and there are always plenty of Blue Tits.



Put up a bird-table and lots of different birds will come to visit you—especially in Winter, when food is hard to find. Put out crumbs, fat, bones and strings of nuts for the tits.



The Wise Young Camel Driver

ONCE, in a faraway desert country, there lived a poor camel-driver named Sadko. Sadko had very little money, for he earned barely enough to keep himself, but he had one son, who was called Abdul.

Often Sadko would watch Abdul running across the sand and see how straight and tall he was growing. Then he would smile to himself and say, "When Abdul is bigger, he too can be a camel-driver. Then we shall have much more money to

spend and times will be less hard."

However, as Abdul grew older, he grew less and less interested in camel-driving, until his father began to despair and call the boy a lazy, good-for-nothing.

But Abdul was not really lazy. He was a bright, inquisitive boy, who often drove his father to distraction with his constant questions.

Often the lad would take a twig and draw letters, or sums in the sand, or set himself all kinds of

very difficult problems to solve.

Sometimes, when they had less money than usual, Sadko would seize the twig angrily from his son and break it into little pieces.

"You good-for-nothing rascal," he would shout, as he hurled the pieces away from him. "Have you no better way of occupying your time than drawing nonsense in the sand? Will such things bring us money to buy food to eat, or clothes to wear?"

But it seemed that nothing Sadko could say made Abdul any less inquisitive. The older he grew, the more eager he was to learn and to solve all kinds of strange problems.

"Oh, that I should have been cursed with such a son," sighed Sadko. "What will become of him — and of me, in my old age? For he will surely be only a burden to me."

One day, when things were worse than usual, Sadko came upon Abdul drawing on the ground. In a fury, he seized the twig from his son and threw it away. "Letters and sums will bring us nothing to eat, you foolish boy," he shouted. "These things will not help you to earn money as a camel-driver. I have had enough of keeping you. You eat too much and earn too little. From now on, you must earn your own living. I will give you a camel. Take it and go and see how your fine sums and problems will help you when your stomach is empty and there is no one to fill it."

With that, Sadko brought over one of the camels, gave his son a small parcel of food and a bottle of water and bade him goodbye.

Abdul was sorry to take leave of his father in such a way, but he was not at all sorry to be able to

do exactly as he liked. He rode across the sand on his camel, singing happily to himself. "Now I shall be able to see a little of the world," he said to himself. "And, who knows, I may even make my fortune."

That evening, Abdul stopped at an oasis and gave his camel water to drink. He himself ate some of the food his father had given him — not very much, for there was little enough in the parcel. Then he picked some dates to eat, and stretched himself out on the sand to sleep.

The stars were very bright and for a long time Abdul lay watching them, studying their positions, wondering why it was that he could see them all so clearly at night, but they were invisible during





the day. He found it most interesting.

At last he fell asleep, still thinking about the stars, about how far away they were and why they did not always keep the same position in the sky.

Next morning, Abdul awoke and ate a little more of his food. Now there was hardly any left at all. "I must go and seek my fortune at once," he said to himself. "I have almost nothing to eat now."

He got on his camel and off he rode. He had not gone very far when he saw three men sitting on the sand. They were talking angrily, waving their arms and shaking their fists at each other, and they seemed to be near to blows. Near them was a string of fine camels.

Curious, Abdul rode over to them and dismounted.

"Good day, my friends," he said. "You seem to have a problem. Perhaps if you told me about it, I could help."

The three men stopped talking and turned to stare at Abdul. For a few moments they were silent. Then one of them said, "You are right, stranger. We do have a problem, but it is a most difficult one. I doubt whether you or anyone else could solve it."

"We can at least let him try," put in the second man. "After all, he might succeed where we have failed, and he can certainly do no worse."

The third man nodded. "I am willing to agree to whatever the stranger decides," he said.

"Know then, stranger, that we are three brothers," said the first man. "Recently, our aged father died, leaving us all he had, and a goodly inheritance it was too. We

each took our share of the gold and jewels with no trouble. However, among my father's possessions was a string of seventeen fine camels. He ordered that they should be divided up in this way. The eldest brother should have half of the camels, the second brother should have a third and the youngest brother should have a ninth."

"But it is impossible to divide the camels fairly without cutting one of them up," sighed the youngest brother.

"If you can tell us how it can be done, we will reward you well, young man," added the second brother.

Abdul looked at the camels and frowned thoughtfully. Then he squatted down and began to draw in the sand. At last he nodded, wisely.

"I think I have found the solution to your problem," he said. He took his own camel and led it over to the other seventeen, placing it among them.

"Now," said Abdul to the eldest brother. "Take half."

Puzzled, the eldest brother obeyed. He counted out nine camels and took them on one side.

"Now take your third," said Abdul to the second brother.

The second brother counted out six camels and took them.

Abdul turned to the youngest brother. "Now take your ninth," he said, and the youngest brother took two camels.

One was left. With a triumphant smile, Abdul took back his own camel again. "You see, it was simple," he said.

The three brothers were delighted with Abdul. "You are very wise

for one so young," said the eldest brother. "Here is your reward. It is well earned for you have saved us from a bitter quarrel."

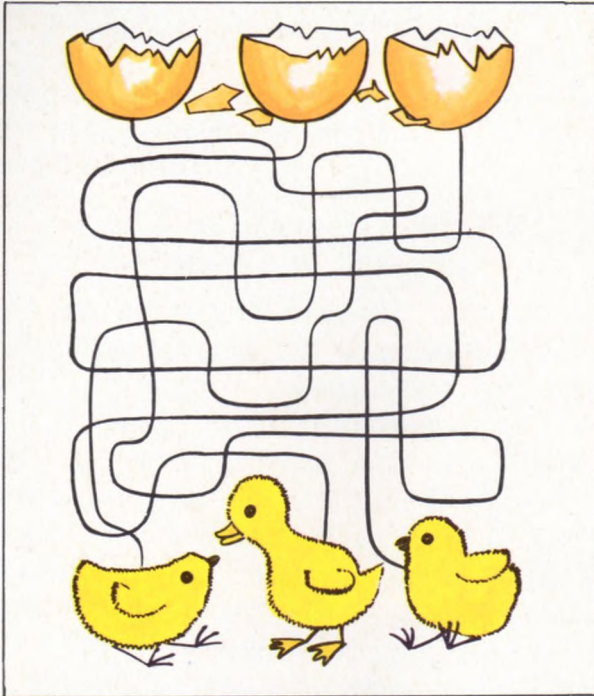
With that, he handed Abdul a bag of gold. Abdul was delighted with his reward and thanked the brothers for their generosity. As he mounted his camel to continue on his way, the three were planning whose house they should stay at first in the friendliest possible way and they waved until Abdul was out of sight.

As for Abdul, he went on his way, clutching his bag of gold and feeling very pleased with himself.

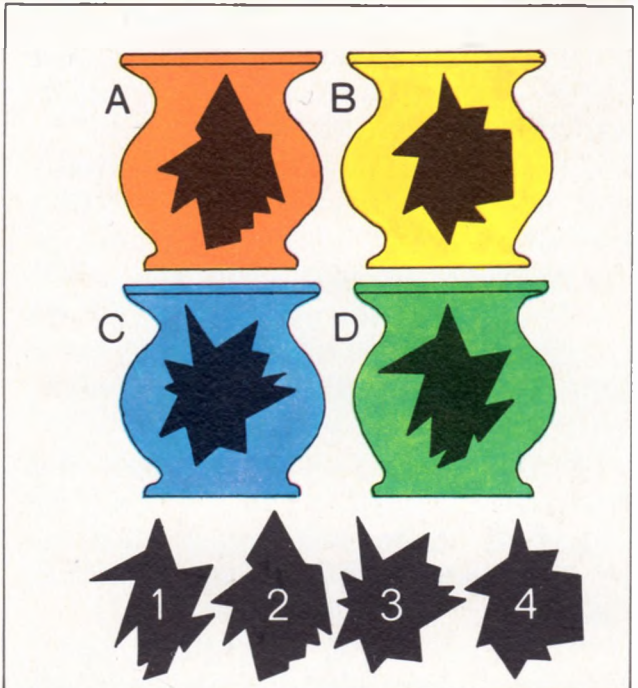
"It is amazing how easily problems can be solved with a little careful thought," he said to himself. "And how pleased my father will be when he sees that his good-for-nothing son has put all that thinking to some use after all."



Fun and Games

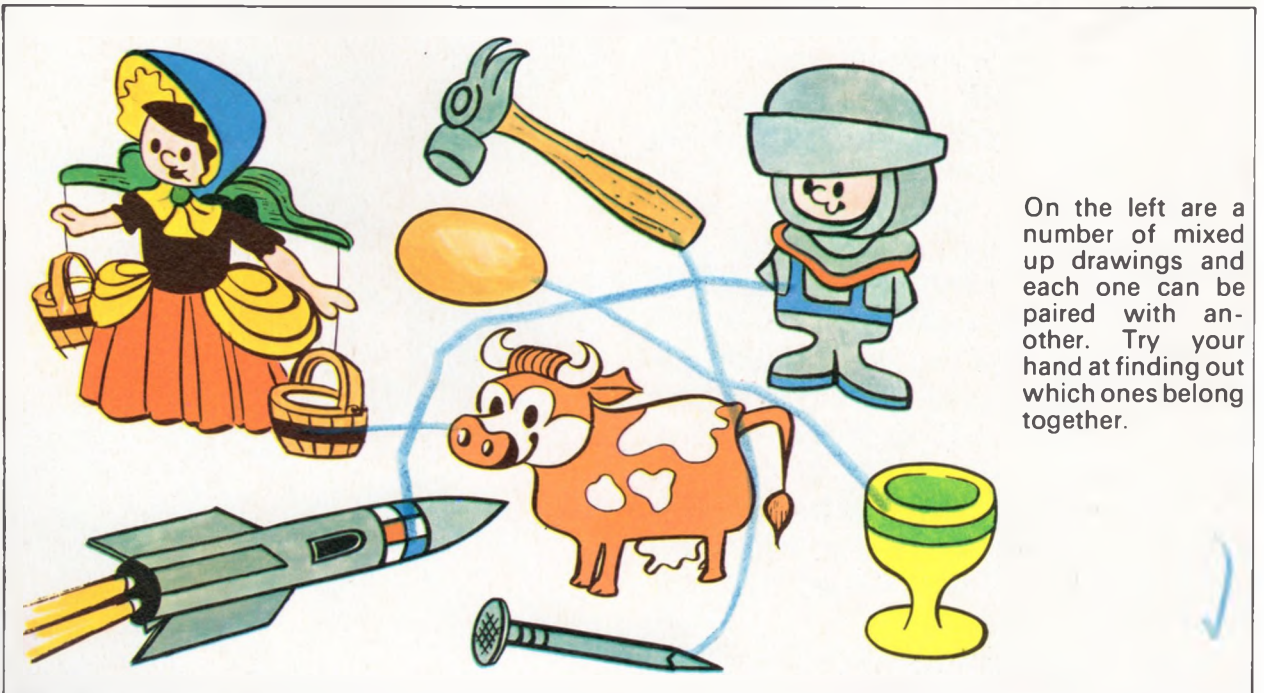


Take your pencil and see if you can follow the lines to find out which egg each little chicken came from.



Someone has knocked out a piece from each of these vases. Can you see which broken piece belongs to each vase?

Answer: A and 2; B and 4; C and 3; D and 1.



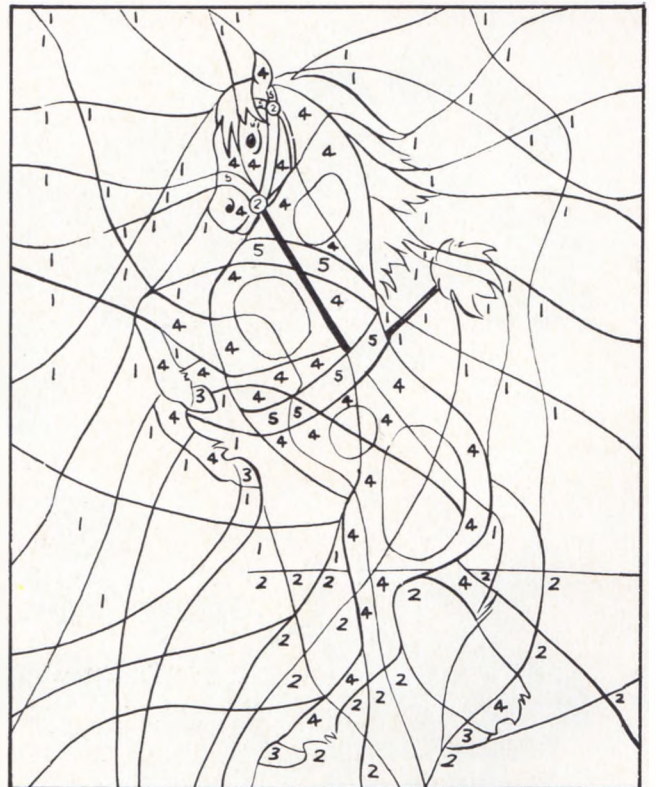
On the left are a number of mixed up drawings and each one can be paired with another. Try your hand at finding out which ones belong together.



Now for some more fun with your coloured pencils. Colour the drawing below to match the one above.



Cecil the Seal will appear on the drawing above if you join together the dots from 1 to 28.



The circus horse will be jumping for joy when you colour him by following these simple instructions when painting: 1-Blue, 2-Yellow, 3-Black, 4-Brown, 5-Red.



1



2

Wild berries of

In Autumn, the bright red and purple berries of trees and flowers brighten up the countryside. The birds, too, are attracted to the bright colours. Berries make good meals for them in Winter, and they do the plant a service by eating the soft parts and dropping the hard, uneatable seeds on the ground, where they take root and grow into new plants. We use some of these berries for food, too. Blackberries, for instance, are made into tasty blackberry and apple pies and blackberry jam. But there are some berries, like the Deadly Nightshade, which it is best to leave



3



5



7



4



6



8

the countryside

strictly to the birds, for although they do birds no harm, they are very poisonous if eaten by people. So, remember when you see bright-coloured, juicy-looking berries in the hedgerows, you should never touch them unless you are quite sure they are eatable. The berries shown in these pictures are called: 1, Elderberry; 2, Fetid Iris; 3, Dewberry; 4, Cranberry; 5, Hawthorn; 6, Honeysuckle; 7, Spindle Tree; 8, Yew; 9, Wayfaring Tree; 10, Ivy; 11, Blackthorn or Sloe; 12, Mountain Ash or Rowan; 13, Deadly Nightshade; 14, Cuckoo Pint; 15, Dog Rose.





Brer Rabbit and the Watermelons

NEAR to where Brer Rabbit lived, there was a watermelon patch. It was owned by Mr. Man and it was the finest watermelon patch you ever did see. At least, this is what Brer Rabbit thought every time he passed it and somehow, his legs seemed to carry him past that watermelon patch very often.

As the watermelons ripened, Brer Rabbit's mouth began to water more and more at the sight of them, but Mr. Man was no friend of wily, tricky Brer Rabbit and if he'd caught him around there he wouldn't have been likely to give him any watermelons. Oh, dear, no. He'd have been much more likely to give him a good beating.

Brer Rabbit knew this and he made sure that Mr. Man didn't see him. "Since Mr. Man thinks so badly of me already," said Brer Rabbit to himself, "he can't think any worse of me if I have a few of his watermelons. And he's got so many he surely won't miss a few."

However, Brer Rabbit decided to wait until they were really ripe and juicy and just ready for eating before he took any.

Each day he watched them and each day they seemed a little bit riper and juicier than the day before, until at last they seemed almost ready.

"Tomorrow morning I'll come and take my pick," Brer Rabbit told himself.

Next morning he was up bright and early and off he went to the watermelon patch. There was nobody around, so up he went and over the wall—but what a sight met his eyes. There was not a single watermelon left. Every one had been picked.

Brer Rabbit stared and stared at that empty watermelon patch. He hadn't felt so sorry for himself for a long time.

"Mr. Man must have picked them," he said to himself. "And if he's picked them all it only means one thing. He's taking them to market to sell."

He made his way sadly back home. Now when he was nearly there, Brer Rabbit happened to see a figure ambling slowly along in front of him. It was a figure he knew very well.

"Brer Terrapin," said Brer Rabbit, overtaking him. "How are you today?"

"Oh, can't grumble, you know, Brer Rabbit. Can't grumble," replied

Brer Terrapin.

"Well, I was just thinking I was feeling a bit peckish," said Brer Rabbit, who had suddenly had a bright idea.

"Well, now. I can't say I'd say no to a bite to eat right now," said Brer Terrapin thoughtfully. "But as I can't see anything to eat hereabouts I suppose we'll have to go hungry."

"Ah, that's just where you're wrong," replied that cunning Brer Rabbit. "What would you say to a feed of watermelons—big, juicy, tasty watermelons, just ripe and ready for eating?"

"I'd say let's go and eat them, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Terrapin, looking at Brer Rabbit in an enquiring sort of way. "Just tell me, where are these watermelons?"

"Just at this moment they're on Mr. Man's barrow, going to market, Brer Terrapin," replied Brer Rabbit. "But I think they'd do us more good than those folk at the market. If Mr. Man were generous and friendly and offered us a taste of watermelon just occasionally, I wouldn't mind, but he's not, so we shall have to see about getting a taste ourselves."

"And how shall we do that, Brer Rabbit?" asked Brer Terrapin.

"I know a short cut which will bring us out on the road to the market," replied Brer Rabbit. "Now it just happens that the road is rough and stony at that particular place and with your big, thick shell, why, you wouldn't look unlike a stone if you lay down in the road, Brer Terrapin."

Brer Terrapin nodded. "But what good will it do if I do lie down in the road, Brer Rabbit?" he asked.

"Why, you'll lie down just where





Mr. Man will have to wheel his barrow over you, Brer Terrapin," grinned Brer Rabbit. "It won't hurt you, because your shell is hard and tough so you'll never even notice it, but as the wheel goes over your back, you'll move sideways a little, just enough to tip up Mr. Man's barrow. And if we don't get some of those watermelons when they're rolling all over the road, my name's not Brer Rabbit."

Brer Terrapin grinned a mighty pleased kind of grin. "Let's go at once," he said.

Off those two animals went, as fast as their legs would carry them—which wasn't very fast in Brer Terrapin's case as his legs were so short, but they reached the spot before Mr. Man."

"Lie down in the road just there, Brer Terrapin," said Brer Rabbit, showing him the spot.

Brer Terrapin lay down and Brer Rabbit scattered a few handfuls of dust over his shell so that it was hard to tell he wasn't really a stone, and then they waited for Mr. Man

to come past.

It wasn't long before he reached them, pushing a barrow simply loaded to the top with ripe watermelons. As Brer Terrapin was lying right in his way, he couldn't help but push the barrow over his shell.

As soon as he felt the barrow going over him, Brer Terrapin moved, just enough to tip the barrow up—and all those fine watermelons fell off and went rolling all over the road.

Mr. Man went to pick them up, but falling on the rough, stony road had squashed and bruised them. "Well, I'll never get a good price for them now," he said crossly. "It's not worth taking them all the way to market." And with that he turned and wheeled his barrow back the way he had come.

Brer Terrapin and Brer Rabbit couldn't believe their eyes. They stuffed themselves on watermelon till they couldn't eat another mouthful and then, chuckling to themselves, they carried as many as they could home to their families.



THE WISE OLD OWL knows all the answers

How many Eskimos are there in the world?

"It is hard to say, for these hardy people are scattered around many places, such as Greenland and Northern Canada. They have a tough life in the icy cold and wear special clothes made of skins, with a hood to protect their heads. This kind of garment is called a parka."



How big are pigmies?

"Not very big at all, being only three to four feet at their tallest height. They live in various parts of the world and can be seen in Malaysia, New Guinea and parts of the Congo in Africa. The picture gives you an idea of the size of the fully-grown pigmies compared with Europeans."

Can we drink rain-water?

"The answer must be yes, because ALL the water we drink comes from rain-water. All animals, such as dogs, horses and cows, drink it very readily. But we humans like to collect it and treat it before we drink it. The water we drink from our taps has more flavour than plain rain water."



Some Meadow Flowers

Everyone walking through a meadow knows the beauty of the buttercups and daisies standing out amidst the grass. But do you ever notice the scores of other wild flowers that help to make the countryside look so beautiful? Next time you are walking through a meadow keep your eyes open for them. Not only are their colours so attractive, but so also are their shapes. See if you can recognise any on this page.

1. MUSK MALLOW
2. COWSLIP
3. FIELD GENTIAN
4. MEADOW SAFFRON
5. BIRDSFOOT TREFOIL
6. WILD BASIL
7. GREY FIELD SPEEDWELL
8. CHICORY
9. RED CLOVER
10. SPRING CINQUEFOIL
11. CREEPING PLUME THISTLE



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



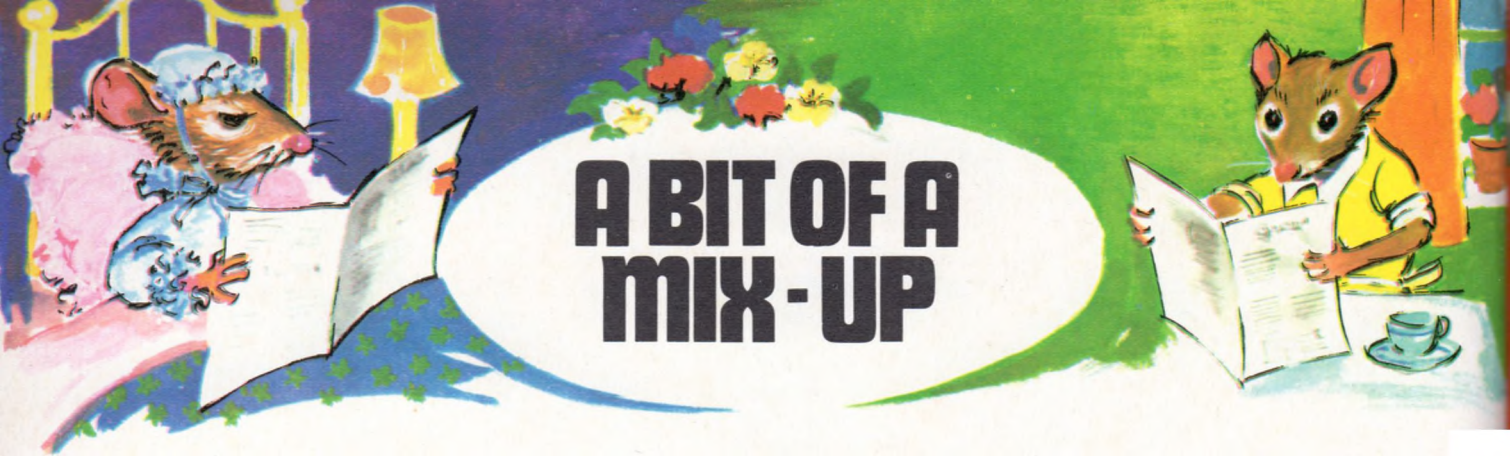
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10



9



A BIT OF A MIX-UP

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

STEPHANIE, the smart town mouse, was sitting up in bed, reading the morning paper. Stephanie never liked to get up before she had had her morning cup of tea and read the paper—which really meant reading what the latest fashions were, and which were the smartest places to take a holiday.

Now as Stephanie was reading the fashion page that morning, she happened to notice a little bit about farming and vegetables, something which she never usually bothered her head about—but she also saw the word “scarce”, so she read on a bit.

To her annoyance, she read that as the weather had been bad, all the farm crops were poor and vegetables were going to be scarce.

“What a nuisance,” said Stephanie crossly. She was so used to buying her vegetables in little plastic bags that she had almost come to believe that they were *grown* in their plastic bags, safe from wind and rain.

“Well, I’m certainly not standing in a queue, and if vegetables get really scarce I know that’s what will happen. I’ll have to think what to do about it,” she muttered.

Stephanie thought—and it seemed to her that the only possible

thing to do was to go down and visit her cousin Winifred, who lived in the country.

“Winifred’s boyfriend Bertie works on a farm,” said Stephanie to herself. “And if he can’t grow vegetables, I’m sure I don’t know who can. He must have plenty of vegetables and there’s bound to be some to spare. And I’m sure he’ll spare some for me—after all, look at the times I’ve helped Bertie and Winifred out. They’re always getting themselves into trouble. I don’t know where they’d be without me.”

That made Stephanie feel a lot better. She got up and dressed and when her boyfriend Nigel called, she was all ready to go out.

She told Nigel what the paper had said, and asked him to take her to Winifred’s.

Nigel thought this was a very good idea, so they got in his car and off they went.

Now about the time that Stephanie was sitting in bed, drinking her morning tea and reading her paper, Winifred, her country cousin, was having a rest from the housework for a minute or two and sitting down with her cup of tea, for a nice break.

So when Stephanie was reading



all about vegetables being scarce in her paper, Winifred was reading exactly the same in hers.

"Oh, dear," she said, looking very worried. "Whatever will those poor town folk do without their vegetables? What a good thing I live in the country. I know Stephanie is always saying how marvellous the town is—but they can't grow any food for themselves, can they?"

Then, of course, Winifred began to worry about what Stephanie would do—being that sort of mouse—and she decided she must go up to town at once and take her some vegetables.

"Bertie," said Winifred to her boyfriend, when he came round to see her. "We can't stand by and see our Stephanie starve, can we?"

"Of course not," said Bertie. "If those poor people in the town

haven't got any vegetables, why it's up to us to take them some."

Winifred didn't waste another minute. She put on her hat, while Bertie filled a sack with all kinds of farm produce and off they went to the station.

It was quite a long way to the train and they were puffing and panting a bit when they finally got themselves and the sack on to the train.

"Never mind," said Winifred. "I know our Stephanie will be pleased to see us."

But the trouble was that when they arrived at Stephanie's house she wasn't pleased to see them—for she wasn't even there.

"What a disappointment," said Winifred, sitting down on the front steps. "What are we going to do now?"

"Leave it to me," said Bertie, looking very important. "I'll find a way into the house and leave the vegetables so that Stephanie will find them when she gets back."

"Oh, that's a good idea," said Winifred, jumping up. "Come on, let's have a look around and see if there are any windows open."

"Right," said Bertie, picking up the sack and gazing up at the house.

Bertie was so busy looking to see if there were any windows open that he didn't notice a police mouse, watching him. "H'm, that's a suspicious-looking character if ever I saw one," said the police mouse to himself. "And I wonder what he's got in that sack. Up to no good, I'll be bound. Probably goods he's stolen from that house and now he's making his getaway."

To Bertie's surprise, he suddenly felt someone tap him on the



shoulder. "You'd better come along with me, my lad," said the stern voice of the police mouse behind him.

Well, of course, Bertie and Winifred tried hard to explain, but the police mouse thought they both looked so suspicious that he took them off to the police station at once.

Now Stephanie and Nigel arrived at Winifred's cottage at the same time as Winifred and Bertie were arriving at Stephanie's house—and of course the cottage was empty.

"Winifred must be out," said Stephanie, crossly. "We've come all this way, too. What a nuisance."

"Well, we'll just have to go back without anything," said Nigel, so back they went. To their surprise, there was the police mouse, waiting on the doorstep.

"I'm glad you've come," he said. "I want you to identify some property. There's a nasty criminal-looking type been hanging around your house. He had a sack with him and we think he's got your property in it."

Nigel and Stephanie rushed off to the police station at once—and who should they see but Bertie and Winifred.

They all began to talk at once, but when things had calmed down a bit, Bertie opened the sack and told them how they had brought some vegetables up from the country.

Nigel began to laugh—and so did Bertie. And Winifred and Stephanie joined in too. Then they all thanked the police mouse for keeping such a careful watch on Stephanie's house—even if he hadn't caught a burglar.



One Hump or Two Humps?



Camels are often called "Ships of the Desert", for in the hot sandy areas of Africa and Asia there are no roads or railways, so camels carry all the goods. Sometimes we wonder why there are camels with one hump and camels with two humps. A two-humped animal, such as the Bactrian camel shown above, really is a camel. The other one-humped animal on the opposite page should really be called a dromedary. Bactrian camels come from Central Asia. Here the weather is not always warm, but these

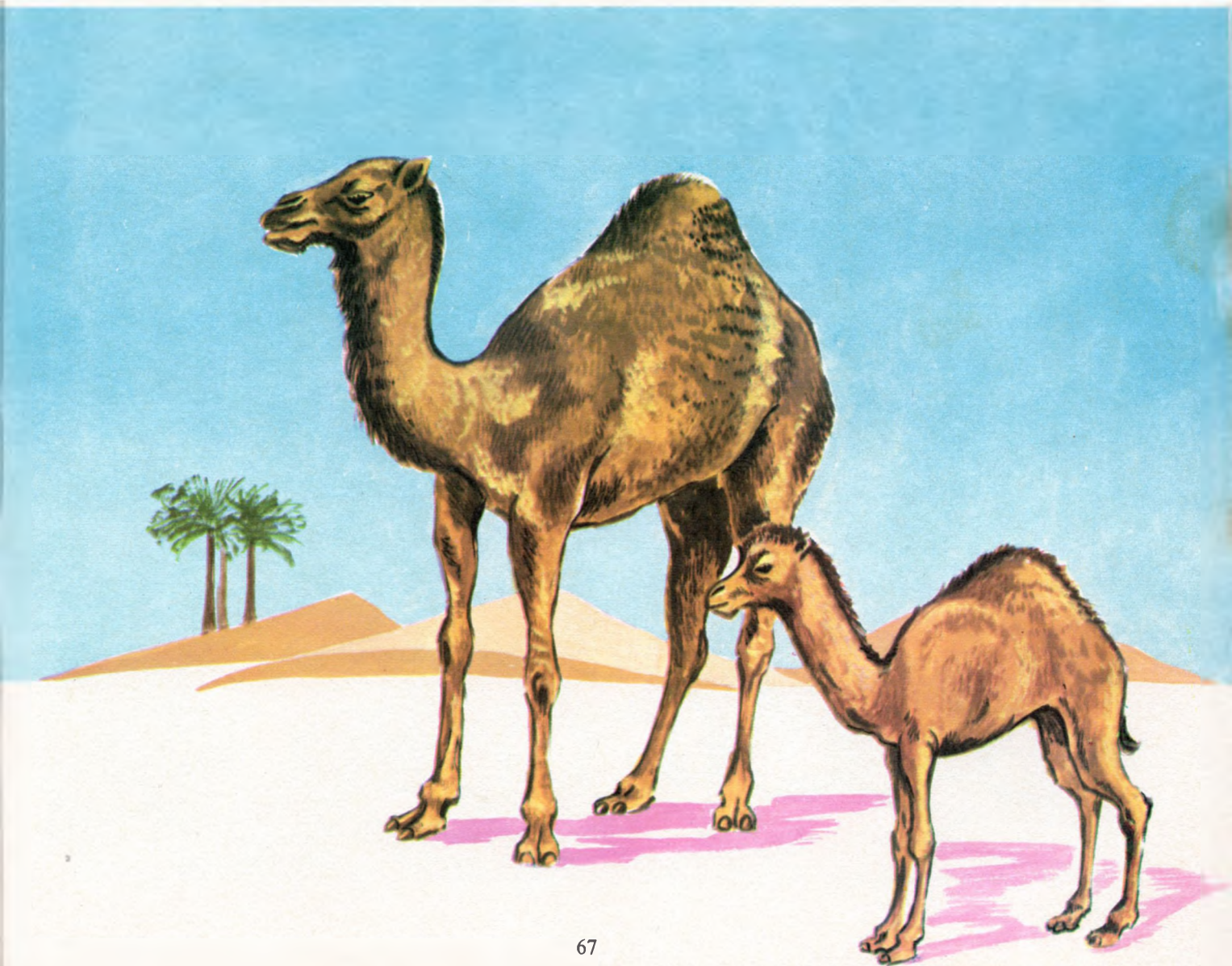
camels do not feel the cold because of their long, thick hair.

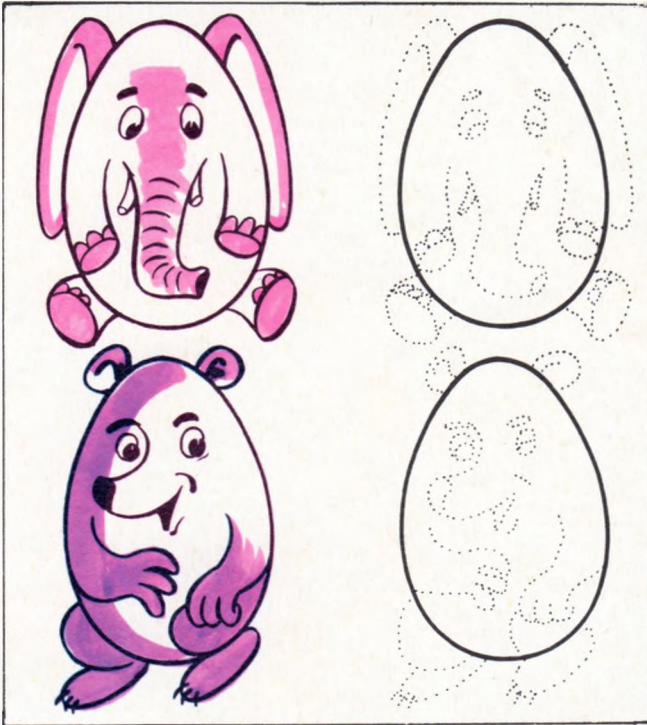
They feed on the thorny bitter-tasting plants which other animals cannot eat, and they drink happily from lakes of salty, brackish water. Bactrian camels are longer in the body than Arabian camels and they have shorter legs. Also, their feet are harder, for they live among rocky hill country and they often have to climb steep slopes with their heavy loads of goods, which are piled on to their two humps, as you can see.

Many of the Arabs who live in the hot, dry deserts of Africa and Asia spend their lives wandering around from oasis to oasis (a place where there are wells of water and palm trees growing). They keep herds of one-humped camels, which to them are the most valuable of all animals. A camel will happily travel for great distances across the sandy desert but will not readily cross even the smallest stream. The one thing it dislikes is to walk through water.

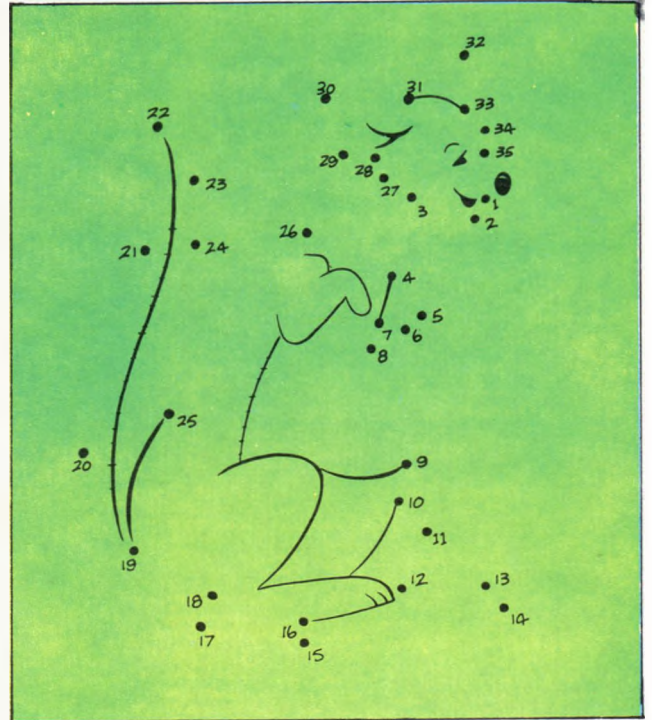
When they have plenty of food to eat, camels can store the extra food in the form of fat in their humps. They live on this fat when

food is scarce. They also store water in the cells lining their stomachs and they can travel without water for about three days. In the desert, where there is little food and water, this is very useful. Another thing about the camels is that they are able to close their eyes and ears against the desert sand in a sandstorm. But on the whole camels are very bad-tempered animals and they never show any affection for their human masters, who find them so valuable. The Arabs of the desert could not do without them and prize them very highly.





See if you are as clever as the artist who has drawn some funny egg animals by completing the two drawings on the right.



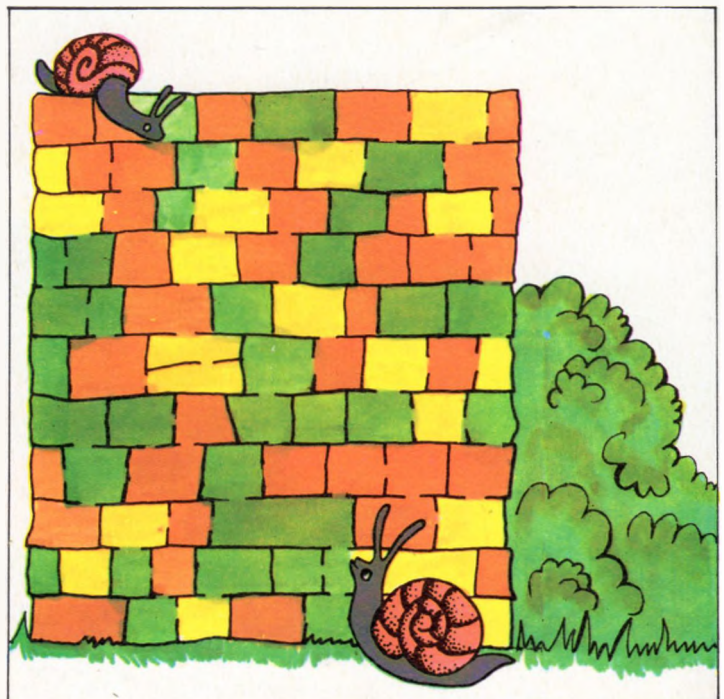
If you would like to see a friendly animal all you have to do is join the dots from number 1 to number 35.

Fun and Games

These three goliwogs look very much alike, but they are not and if you are observant you'll spot the differences.



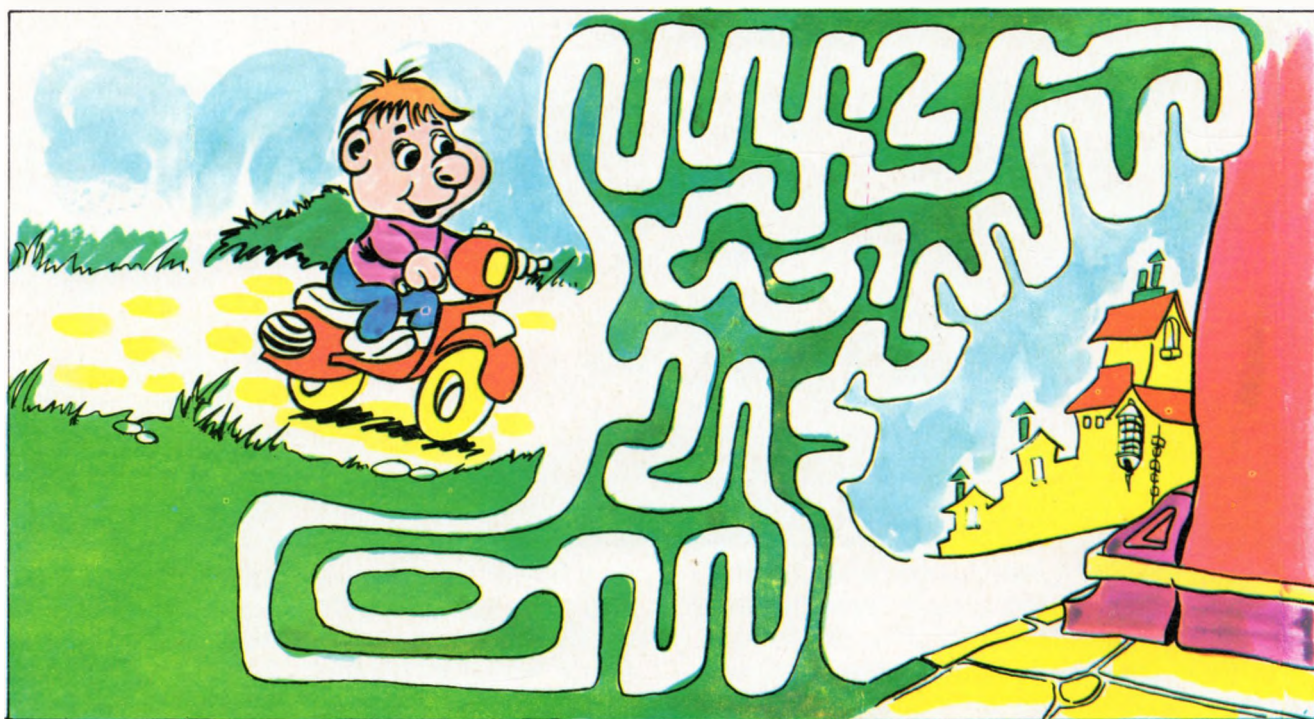
Peter Snail is on top of the wall but wants to get down to join his friend, Simon. Can you help him do so without crossing any of the lines in the bricks?



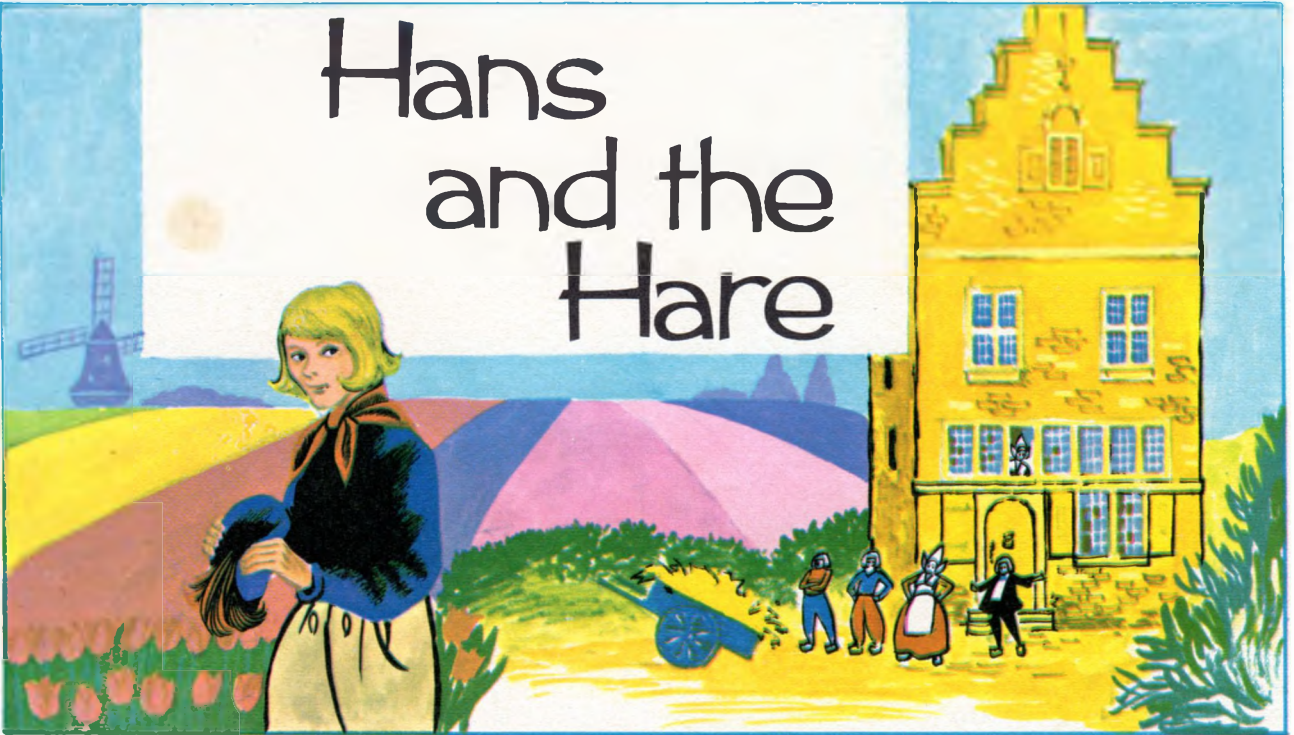


On the right is another beautiful picture for you to colour, using the one on the left to guide you.

Mr. Scooter wants to go to town. He is not very clever and wonders whether you can help him find his way through the maze of roads. Have a try.



Hans and the Hare



1. Young Hans, who lived in a Dutch town, had fallen madly in love with Gretchen, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. But Hans could not be happy because the family kept him away.

2. The father, mother and two brothers stood guard outside the house and would not let him in to see Gretchen. And she, poor girl, was locked in a room inside and not allowed to go out and meet Hans.



3. Hans walked sadly away from the rich merchant's home, thinking how awful and unhappy life could be. Then suddenly his thoughts were broken into by a big hare, which came racing along the road and jumped into his arms. "Save me," it said.



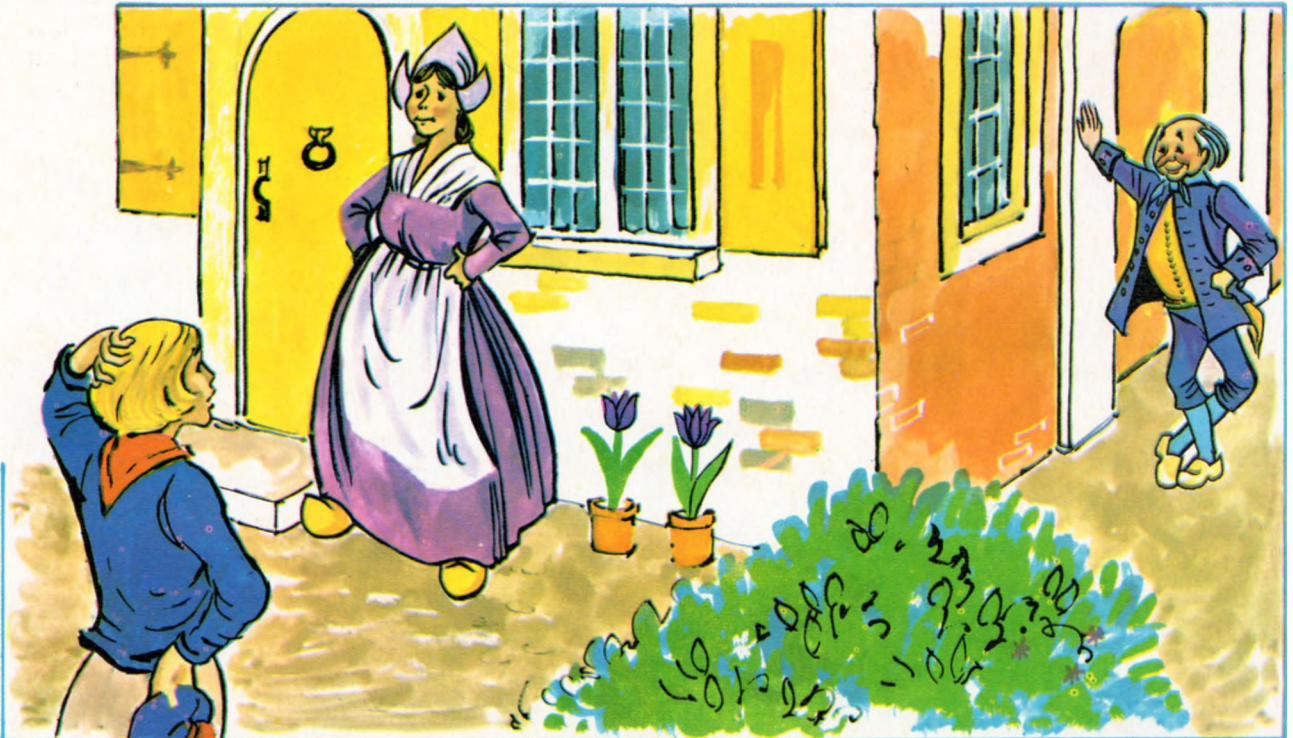
4. "There is a fox after me, good sir, and the last thing in the world I wish for is to be a fox's dinner." Hans felt sorry for the hare and when the fox came along that way he shouted at it and beat it off with a thick stick.



5. When the fox had gone, Hans told the hare about his own troubles. "You must be bolder, Hans," the hare told him. "You were bold enough to rescue me, so have courage and speak to her father."



6. So, encouraged by the hare, Hans took a deep breath and marched to the house of the rich merchant. "Very well then," laughed Gretchen's father. "If you can reach my daughter, you can have her."



7. Now this was easier said than done. The father stood guard at one door of the house and the mother stood guard at another. Both looked very sternly at Hans, as if daring him to step nearer, and try to force his way past them.

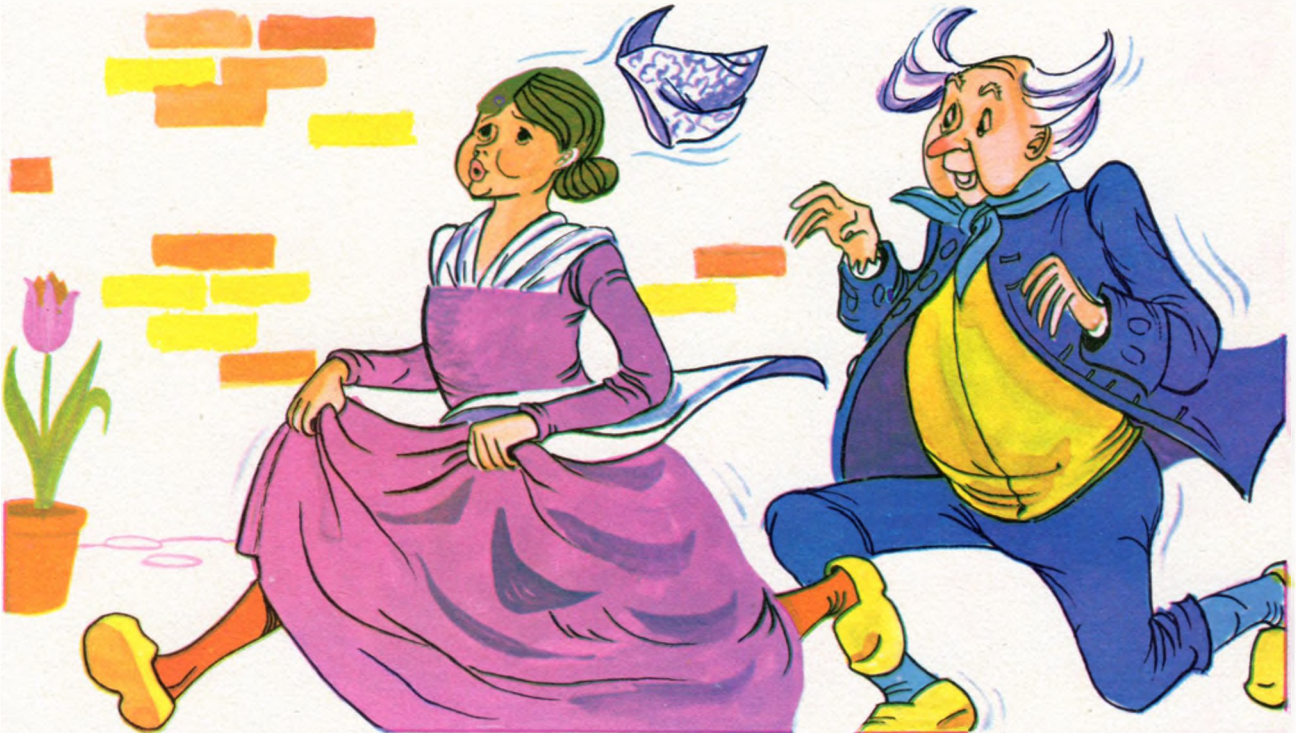
8. "Come along, what are you waiting for, young fellow?" chuckled the father. "You have only to walk in and reach my daughter, you know." Hans thought he would try another way into the house, for he could not pass the parents.



9. He hurried round to the side, but there he saw the two brothers standing guard outside Gretchen's window. And she, poor girl, was locked in. Hans was very puzzled and unhappy about this.

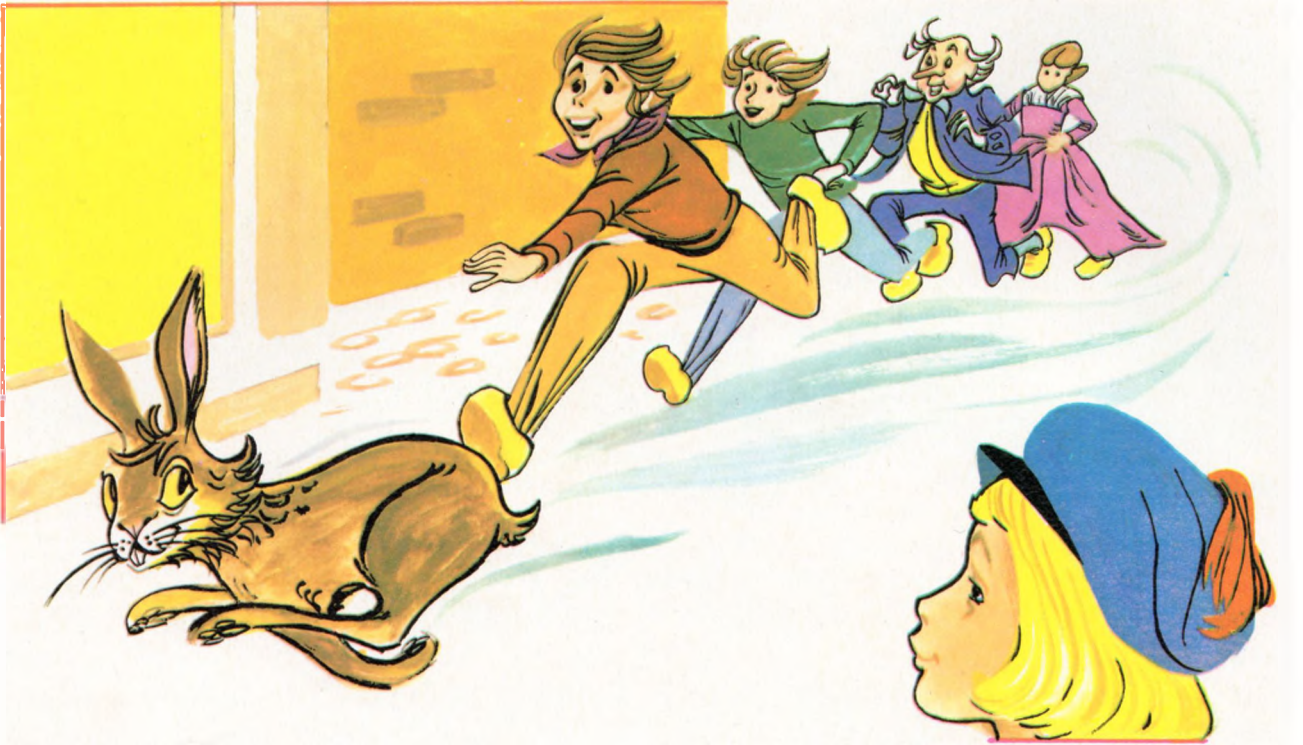


10. But the cunning hare came along to take a hand in the game and scampered past the mother, who shouted: "A fine fat hare for supper!" And picking up her skirts she started to chase it.



11. Her excited cries brought father on to the scene. "What is it, wife?" he asked. "What are you running for?" "I am after a fine big hare," she panted in reply. "It will do for our supper if we can catch it, so don't stop me."

12. "Stop you? Why, that's the very last thing I would do, my good woman," cried the father. "I'm very fond of a well-cooked hare for supper, so I'll join you and help you to catch it." So the merchant followed along behind his wife.



13. Now that hare was travelling very fast and neither the father nor the mother could keep up with it. "Help us," they shouted to the two brothers on guard outside Gretchen's window.

14. The two brothers then caught sight of the hare and they at once left their positions at the window. "Yoicks!" they shouted, scampering after it. "There will be a tasty hare for supper."



15. But the hare led them such a chase round and round the house that all four of them could keep it up no longer. Feeling dizzy, they sank exhausted to the ground—just as the hare wanted. "All clear now, Hans!" he called out.



16. That was how Hans was able to walk into the house and take the fair hand of the lovely Gretchen. "I have got you," he said, "so your father will not stop our marriage." And it turned out like that—thanks to the hare.



Squeaky Squirrel and his Friends

IT really was a lovely day and Squeaky Squirrel was glad when his two best friends, Hop-Skip Hare and Stanley Stoat, knocked on the door of his house.

"Can you come out for a ramble in the woods and a picnic, Squeaky?" asked Hop-Skip Hare. "We're both ready with a knapsack and everything, and we want to get started."

"I'd like to, but I'll ask my Mummy first," replied Squeaky.

Mrs. Squirrel agreed at once and in next to no time at all she was bustling around, making egg sandwiches and buttering some buns. "These will be nice for your picnic, Squeaky," she said. "And I think I've got a bottle of fizzy lemonade in the pantry."

"That's what we're taking," said Stanley Stoat. "I like fizzy lemonade, I do. It tickles when you drink it."

Squeaky packed his knapsack and said he was ready. But before

he went his mother pushed a woolly cap on his head.

"You'd better keep your ears warm, Squeaky," she told him. "Now be very careful and don't do anything silly while you're out. And mind the river when you come to it. Make sure you cross it by the bridge."

"I will, Mummy," Squeaky promised her. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Squirrel," said Hop-Skip and Stanley.

Soon Squeaky Squirrel and his friends were on their way. "I keep on thinking about all the lovely food I've got," sighed Stanley after a while. "And the more I think about it, the more I want to eat it."

"But we can't start the picnic yet—not until we get to the woods on the other side of the river," said Hop-Skip Hare.

"I've got an idea to take our minds off food," chuckled Squeaky. "Why don't we ask each other a

few riddles as we walk along?"

"Jolly good wheeze!" shouted Hop-Skip, who was a bit of a show-off. "I'll go first, because I'm the best at riddles. What has arms but no hands?"

Squeaky and Stanley thought about it for a long time.

"I know that a clock has hands but no arms," said Squeaky. "But what has arms but no hands? I'll give up, Hop-Skip."

"Me, too," said Stanley. "What's the answer?"

"An armchair, of course!" answered Hop-Skip Hare.

The friends had a chuckle over this. "Now it's my turn," said Stanley. "What runs across a field without moving?"

None of the others could guess the answer to this one, either, and in the end they had to give it up.

"Well, what does run across a field without moving?" they asked.

"A hedge!" replied Stanley, and he almost fell over with laughing at his cleverness.

"Come on, it's your turn now,

Squeaky," said Hop-Skip.

Squeaky was having a long, hard think.

"The trouble with me is that I can never remember riddles," he mumbled. "But, wait a moment—I've got one for you to answer. Which lock needs no key?"

Squeaky was a bit scared that it was too easy, but when he looked at the puzzled faces of his two friends he began to laugh quietly to himself.

"Do you give up?" he asked.

"Yes," they had to agree. "Which lock needs no key?"

"A lock of hair, of course!" chuckled Squeaky.

Telling riddles was a great success, but then they tried another game of I Spy.

"I spy something beginning with B," said Stanley.

"Bridge!" guessed Hop-Skip. "I can see it not far ahead of us. Now, I spy something beginning with F."

Stanley and Squeaky looked around eagerly. "Flowers?" Squeaky asked at once.



"No," said Hop-Skip.

"Forest?" asked Stanley.

"No," said Hop-Skip.

Squeaky and Stanley tried several other guesses to find something beginning with F, but they had to give up in the end.

"It's Fizzy lemonade!" shouted Hop-Skip. "I caught you that time. didn't I?"

"I don't think that was very fair," grumbled Squeaky.

By this time they were close to the river and Squeaky pointed to the bridge. "I'll race you to it and see who can cross first," he said.

"Phoo! I can beat both of you easily!" boasted Hop-Skip Hare. "Just watch me."

And before Squeaky or Stanley could stop him, he took a flying leap right over the river to the other side.

"Come on," he called out.

"No, I mustn't!" said Squeaky.

"Mummy said I had to be careful and cross by the bridge."

"Fraidy-cat!" shouted Hop-Skip.

"All right then, you two can cross by the bridge if you like. I'm going



on into the woods and I'll be having my picnic by the time you catch me up."

So Squeaky and Stanley went hurrying towards the bridge. "It's all very well for Hop-Skip," said Stanley. "He can jump much better than we can."

"Never mind," Squeaky told him. "It doesn't matter if he gets to the picnic spot in the woods before we do, and if he eats all his food first before we get there, we jolly well won't give him any of ours, will we?"

"No fear!" agreed Stanley.

The two of them crossed the bridge across the river and then looked around for any sign of where Hop-Skip had gone to.

"I don't see him," said Squeaky. "Let's shout and make him show us where he is."

They shouted but no reply came from the woods.

"Which way did he go?" Squeaky wondered. "Oh dear, I hope he hasn't rushed off and got himself lost. You know what a scatterbrain Hop-Skip is sometimes. He does the silliest things!"



After ten minutes or so both Squeaky and Stanley began to feel a little worried about Hop-Skip. They had no idea where he could be.

They thought about lighting a bonfire so that Hop-Skip would be able to see the smoke from it and know where to find them should he get completely lost. But, of course, being very young, they did not carry matches with them. So they had to think of something else.

Then Squeaky had a bright idea. "I'll climb one of the tall trees and from the top will be able to see all around me," he told Stanley. "You wait for me at the foot of the tree."

With that, Squeaky started climbing the tallest tree he could find. Up and up he went until he got to the top of the tallest branch and there, putting a hand above his eyes, he looked all about him.

Squeaky could see far into the distance, but the tops of the trees nearby obstructed his view and he could not tell if Hop-Skip was beneath any of them.

Disappointed, he climbed down. "It's no use," said Squeaky, "we will have to walk around and look for him. With all that hopping about he may have fallen down and hurt himself." So they set off looking for their missing friend.

They both hoped they would find him soon for they were getting very hungry and were looking forward to eating their picnic lunch.

Then suddenly Squeaky pointed to something.

"A fountain!" he gasped. "How did that happen?"

What he saw certainly looked like a fountain shooting up from behind some bushes. Then Stanley had a brainwave.

"It's shiny and bubbly!" he exclaimed. "I know what it is, Squeaky—it's fizzy lemonade!"

They hurried towards it—and clever Stanley Stoat was right.

Looking rather miserable, Hop-Skip was sitting in a hole in the ground. In one hand he held his fizzy lemonade bottle, which was squirting out like a fountain.

"It was my own fault," he said. "I tried an extra-high jump over a bush and landed down in this hole with such a bump that I couldn't speak for a few minutes. So I took the top off my bottle and the fizzy lemonade had had such a shaking-up that it just shot straight out like a fountain."

"That was a great idea, because we saw it at once," laughed Squeaky. "We were worried in case we wandered on and lost you."

Hop-Skip was all right when they heaved him to his feet and dusted him down.

"How do you feel?" asked Squeaky.

"I feel like a picnic, if that's what you mean," said Hop-Skip. "Let's start."

And a very nice picnic it was for Squeaky and his friends.





